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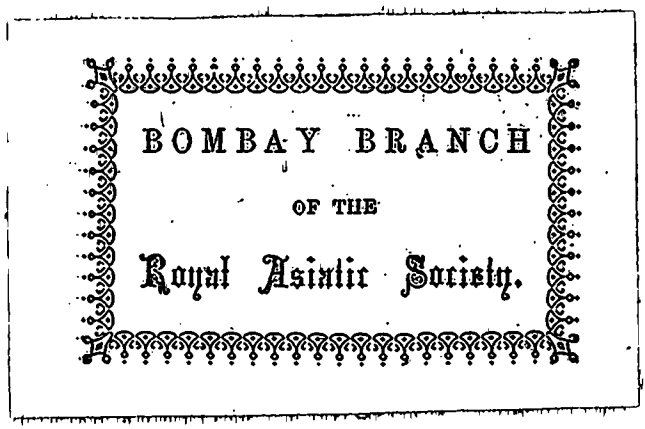

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RICHELIEU;

OR,

THE CONSPIRACY:

A Play,

IN FIVE ACTS.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

HISTORICAL ODES

ON

THE LAST DAYS OF ELIZABETH;

CROMWELL'S DREAM;

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "LADY OF LYONS,"
"EUGENE ARAM," &C.

16564

FIFTH EDITION.

Lytton Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer
1803 - 1873

LONDON:
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.
1839.

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Lyt/Ric
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"Le Comte de Soissons, et le Duc de Bouillon, avaient une bonne armée, et ils savaient la conduire; et pour plus grande sureté, tandis que cette armée devait s'avancer, on devait assassiner le Cardinal et faire soulever Paris . . . . . Les Conjurés faisaient un traité avec l'Espagne pour introduire des troupes en France, et pour y mettre tout en confusion dans une Régence qu'on croyait prochaine, et dont chacun espérait profiter . . . . Richelieu avait perdu toute sa faveur, et ne conservait que l'autorité qui lui était nécessaire. Le bonheur du Cardinal voulut encore que le complot fut découvert, et qu'une copie du traité lui tombât entre les mains."—*Voltaire, Hist. Gen.*

00046564

London : Printed by W. Clowes and Sons, Stamford Street.

TO THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, K.G.,

&c. &c.

THIS DRAMA AND THE ACCOMPANYING ODES

ARE INSCRIBED, IN TRIBUTE

TO THE TALENTS WHICH COMMAND,

AND

THE QUALITIES WHICH ENDEAR,

RESPECT.

London, March 5, 1839.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE

PREFACE TO RICHELIEU.

The administration of Cardinal Richelieu, whom (despite all his darker qualities) Voltaire and History justly consider the true architect of the French monarchy, and the great parent of French civilization, is characterised by features alike tragic and comic. A weak king—an ambitious favourite; a despicable conspiracy against the minister, nearly always associated with a dangerous treason against the State—These, with little variety of names and dates, constitute the eventful cycle through which, with a dazzling ease, and an arrogant confidence, the great luminary fulfilled its destinies. Blent together, in startling contrast, we see the grandest achievements and the pettiest agents;—the spy—the mistress—the capuchin;—the destruction of feudalism;—the humiliation of Austria;—the dismemberment of Spain.

Richelieu himself is still what he was in his

own day—a man of two characters. If, on the one hand, he is justly represented as inflexible and vindictive, crafty and unscrupulous; so, on the other, it cannot be denied that he was placed in times in which the long impunity of every license required stern examples—that he was beset by perils and intrigues, which gave a certain excuse to the subtlest inventions of self-defence—that his ambition was inseparably connected with a passionate love for the glory of his country—and that, if he was her dictator, he was not less her benefactor. It has been fairly remarked, by the most impartial historians, that he was no less generous to merit than severe to crime—that, in the various departments of the State, the Army, and the Church, he selected and distinguished the ablest aspirants—that the wars which he conducted were, for the most part, essential to the preservation of France, and Europe itself, from the formidable encroachments of the Austrian House—that, in spite of those wars, the people were not oppressed with exorbitant imposts—and that he left the kingdom he had governed in a more flourishing and vigorous state than at any former period of the French history, or at the decease of Louis XIV.

The cabals formed against this great statesman were not carried on by the patriotism of public virtue, or the emulation of equal talent: they were but court struggles, in which the most worthless agents had recourse to the most desperate means. In each, as I have before observed, we see combined the twofold attempt to murder the minister and to betray the country. Such, then, are the agents, and such the designs, with which truth, in the Drama as in History, requires us to contrast the celebrated Cardinal;—not disguising his foibles or his vices, but not unjust to the grander qualities (especially the love of country), by which they were often dignified, and, at times, redeemed.

The historical drama is the concentration of historical events. In the attempt to place upon the stage the picture of an era, that license with dates and details, which Poetry permits, and which the highest authorities in the Drama of France herself, have sanctioned, has been, though not unsparingly, indulged. The conspiracy of the Duc de Bouillon is, for instance, amalgamated with the dénouement of *The Day of Dupes*;* and circum-

* Le Cardinal se croit perdu, et prepare sa retraite. Ses amis lui conseillent de tenter enfin auprès du roi un nouvel effort. Le Cardinal va trouver le roi à Versailles. Le Roi qui avait sacrifié son Ministre par faiblesse, se remit par faiblesse entre ses mains, et il

stances connected with the treason of Cinq Mars (whose brilliant youth and gloomy catastrophe tend to subvert poetic and historic justice, by seducing us to forget his base ingratitude and his perfidious apostacy) are identified with the fate of the earlier favourite Baradas,* whose sudden rise and as sudden fall passed into a proverb. I ought to add, that the noble romance of Cinq Mars suggested one of the scenes in the fifth act; and that for the conception of some portion of the intrigue connected with De Mauprat and Julie, I am, with great alterations of incident, and considerable if not entire reconstruction of character, indebted to an early and admirable novel by the author of *Picciola.*†

London, March, 1839.

lui abandonne ceux qui l'avaient perdu. Ce jour qui est encore à present appelle *la Journée des Dupes,* fut celui du pouvoir absolu du Cardinal.—*Voltaire Hist. Gen.*

* En six mois il (le Roi) fit (Baradas) premier Ecuyer, premier Gentilhomme de la chambre, Capitaine de St. Germain, et Lieutenant de roi, en Champagne. En moins de temps encore, on lui ôta tout, et des debris de sa grandeur, à peine lui resta-t-il de quoi payer ses dettes: de sorte que pour signifier une grande fortune dissipée aussi qu'acquise on disoit en commun proverbe *Fortune de Baradas.—Anquetil.*

† It may be as well, however, to caution the English reader against some of the impressions which the eloquence of both the writers I refer to are calculated to leave. They have exaggerated the more evil, and have kept out of sight the nobler, qualities of the Cardinal.

NOTE.

The length of the Play necessarily requires curtailments on the Stage—the principal of which are specified (as they occur) in marginal notes. Many of the passages thus omitted, however immaterial to the audience, must obviously be such as the reader would be least inclined to dispense with—viz., those which, without being absolutely essential to the business of the Stage, contain either the subtler strokes of character, or the more poetical embellishments of description. A more important consequence of these suppressions is, that Richelieu himself is left, too often and too unrelievedly, to positions which place him in an *amiable* light, without that shadowing forth of his more sinister motives and his fiercer qualities which is attempted in the written play. Thus, the *character* takes a degree of credit due only to the *situation*. To judge the Author's conception of Richelieu fairly, and to estimate how far it is consistent with historical portraiture, the Play must be *read*.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA,

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1839.

MEN.

LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH . .	MR. ELTON.
GASTON, DUKE OF ORLEANS, *brother to Louis XIII.* . . .	MR. DIDDEAR.
BARADAS, *Favourite of the King, first gentleman of the Chamber, Premier Ecuyer, &c.* . . .	MR. WARDE.
CARDINAL RICHELIEU . . .	MR. MACREADY.
THE CHEVALIER DE MAUPRAT . .	MR. ANDERSON.
THE SIEUR DE BERINGHEN (*in attendance on the King,* one of the Conspirators*)	MR. VINING.
JOSEPH, *a Capuchin, Richelieu's confidant*	MR. PHELPS.
HUGUET, *an officer of Richelieu's household guard—a Spy* . . .	MR. GEORGE BENNETT.
FRANÇOIS, *first Page to Richelieu* .	MR. HOWE.
First Courtier . . .	MR. ROBERTS.
Captain of the Archers . .	MR. MATTHEWS.
First, *Second*, *Third*, *Secretaries of State* . .	MR. TILBURY. MR. YARNOLD. MR. PAYNE.
Governor of the Bastile . .	MR. WALDRON.
Gaoler	MR. AYLIFFE.

Courtiers, Pages, Conspirators, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

WOMEN.

JULIE DE MORTEMAR, *an Orphan, Ward to Richelieu* . . .	MISS HELEN FAUCIT.
MARION DE LORME, *Mistress to Orleans, but in Richelieu's pay* . .	MISS CHARLES.

* Properly speaking, the King's First Valet de Chambre, a post of great importance at that time.

RICHELIEU;

OR,

THE CONSPIRACY.

ACT I.

First Day.

SCENE I.

A room in the house of Marion de Lorme; a table towards the front of the stage (with wine, fruits, &c.), at which are seated Baradas, Four Courtiers, splendidly dressed in the costume of 1641-2*;—the Duke of Orleans reclining on a large fauteuil;—Marion de Lorme, standing at the back of his chair, offers him a goblet, and then retires. At another table, De Beringhen, De Mauprat, playing at dice; other Courtiers, of inferior rank to those at the table of the Duke, looking on.*

ORLEANS (*drinking*).

HERE's to our enterprise!—

BARADAS (*glancing at Marion*).

Hush, Sir!—

ORLEANS (*aside*).

Nay, Count,
You may trust her; she doats on me; no house
So safe as Marion's.* At our statelier homes
The very walls do play the eaves-dropper.
There's not a sunbeam creeping o'er our floors
But seems a glance from that malignant eye
Which reigns o'er France; our fatal greatness lives
In the sharp glare of one relentless day.
But Richelieu's self forgets to fear the sword
The myrtle hides; and Marion's silken robe
Casts its kind charity o'er fiercer sins
Than those which haunt the rosy path between

* Omitted in representation, from "At our statelier homes," line 3, to the end of speech line 13.

The lip and eye of beauty.—Oh, no house
So safe as Marion's.

BARADAS.

Still, we have a secret,
And oil and water—woman and a secret—
Are hostile properties.

ORLEANS.

Well—Marion, see
How the play prospers yonder.

Marion goes to the next table, looks on for a few moments, then Exit.

BARADAS (*producing a parchment*).

I have now
All the conditions drawn; it only needs
Our signatures: upon receipt of this,
(Whereto is joined the schedule of our treaty
With the Count-Duke,* the Richelieu of the Escurial,)
Bouillon will join his army with the Spaniard,
March on to Paris,—there, dethrone the King:
You will be Regent; I, and ye, my Lords,
Form the new Council. So much for the core
Of our great scheme.

ORLEANS.

But Richelieu is an Argus;
One of his hundred eyes will light upon us,
And then—good bye to life.

BARADAS.

To gain the prize
We must destroy the Argus:—ay, my Lords,
The scroll the core, but blood must fill the veins,
Of our design;—while this despatched to Bouillon,
Richelieu despatched to Heaven!—The last *my* charge
Meet here to-morrow night. *You*, Sir, as first
In honour and in hope, meanwhile select
Some trusty knave to bear the scroll to Bouillon;
Midst Richelieu's foes *I'll* find some desperate hand
To strike for vengeance, while we stride to power.

ORLEANS.

So be it;—to-morrow, midnight.—Come, my Lords.

Exeunt Orleans, and the Courtiers in his train. Those at the other table rise, salute Orleans, and re-seat themselves.

* Olivares, Minister of Spain.

DE BERINGHEN.

Double the stakes.

DE MAUPRAT.

Done.

DE BERINGHEN.

Bravo; faith it shames me
To bleed a purse already *in extremis*.

DE MAUPRAT.

Nay, as you've had the patient to yourself
So long, no other doctor should despatch it.

De Mauprat throws and loses.

OMNES.

Lost! Ha, ha—poor De Mauprat!

DE BERINGHEN.

One throw more?

DE MAUPRAT.

No; I am bankrupt (*pushing gold*). There goes all—except
My honour and my sword. (*They rise.*)

DE BERINGHEN.

Long cloaks and honour
Went out of vogue together, when we found
We got on much more rapidly without them;
The sword, indeed, is never out of fashion,—
The devil has care of *that*.

FIRST GAMESTER.

Ay, take the sword
To Cardinal Richelieu:—he gives gold for steel,
When worn by brave men.

DE MAUPRAT.

Richelieu!

DE BERINGHEN (*to Baradas*).

At that name
He changes colour, bites his nether lip.
Ev'n in his brightest moments whisper "Richelieu,"
And you cloud all his sunshine.

BARADAS.

I have mark'd it,
And I will learn the wherefore.

DE MAUPRAT.

The Egyptian
Dissolved her richest jewel in a draught:
Would I could so melt time and all its treasures,
And drain it thus (*drinking*).

DE BERINGHEN.

Come, gentlemen, what say ye,
A walk on the Parade?

OMNES.

Ay; come, De Mauprat.

DE MAUPRAT.

Pardon me; we shall meet again ere nightfall.

BARADAS.

I'll stay and comfort Mauprat.

DE BERINGHEN.

Comfort!—when
We gallant fellows have run out a friend
There's nothing left—except to run him through!
There's the last act of friendship.

DE MAUPRAT.

Let me keep
That favour in reserve; in all beside
Your most obedient servant.

Exeunt De Beringhen, &c. Manent De Mauprat and Baradas.

BARADAS.

You have lost—
Yet are not sad.

DE MAUPRAT.

Sad!—Life and gold have wings,
And must fly one day:—open, then, their cages
And wish them merry.

BARADAS.

You're a strange enigma:—
Fiery in war—and yet to glory lukewarm;—
All mirth in action—in repose all gloom——
These are extremes in which the unconscious heart
Betrays the fever of deep-fix'd disease.
Confide in me! our young days roll'd together
In the same river, glassing the same stars
That smile i' the heaven of hope;—alike we made
Bright-winged steeds of our unform'd chimeras,

Spurring the fancies upward to the air,
Wherein we shaped fair castles from the cloud.
Fortune of late has sever'd us—and led
Me to the rank of Courtier, Count, and Favourite,—
You to the titles of the wildest gallant
And bravest knight in France;—are you content?
No;—trust in me—some gloomy secret——

DE MAUPRAT.

Ay:—
A secret that doth haunt me, as, of old,
Men were possess'd of fiends!—Where'er I turn,
The grave yawns dark before me!—I *will* trust you;—
Hating the Cardinal, and beguiled by Orleans,
You know I join'd the Languedoc revolt—
Was captured—sent to the Bastile——

BARADAS.

But shared
The general pardon, which the Duke of Orleans
Won for himself and all in the revolt,
Who but obey'd his orders.

DE MAUPRAT.

Note the phrase;—
"*Obey'd his orders.*" Well, when on my way
To join the Duke in Languedoc, I (then
The down upon my lip—less man than boy)
Leading young valours—reckless as myself,
Seized on the town of Faviaux, and displaced
The Royal banners for the Rebel. Orleans,
(Never too daring,) when I reach'd the camp,
Blamed me for acting—mark—*without his orders:*
Upon this quibble Richelieu razed my name
Out of the general pardon.

BARADAS.

Yet released you
From the Bastile——

DE MAUPRAT.

To call me to his presence,
And thus address me:—"You have seized a town
Of France, without the orders of your leader,
And for this treason, but one sentence—DEATH."

BARADAS.

Death!

DE MAUPRAT.

"I have pity on your youth and birth,
Nor wish to glut the headsman;—join your troop,
Now on the march against the Spaniards;—change
The traitor's scaffold for the soldier's grave;—
Your memory stainless—they who shared your crime
Exil'd or dead—your king shall never learn it."

BARADAS.

O tender pity!—O most charming prospect!
Blown into atoms by a bomb, or drill'd
Into a cullender by gunshot!—Well?—

DE MAUPRAT.

You have heard if I fought bravely.—Death became
Desired as Daphne by the eager Daygod.
Like him I chas'd the nymph—to grasp the laurel!
I could not die!

BARADAS.

Poor fellow!

DE MAUPRAT.

When the Cardinal
Review'd the troops—his eye met mine;—he frown'd,
Summon'd me forth—"How's this?" quoth he; "you have shunn'd
The sword—beware the axe!—'twill fall one day!"
He left me thus—we were recall'd to Paris,
And—you know all!

BARADAS.

And, knowing this, why halt you,
Spell'd by the rattle-snake,—while in the breasts
Of your firm friends beat hearts, that vow the death
Of your grim tyrant?—Wake!—Be one of us;
The time invites—the King detests the Cardinal,
Dares not disgrace—but groans to be deliver'd
Of that too great a subject—join your friends,
Free France, and save yourself.

DE MAUPRAT.

Hush! Richelieu bears
A charmed life:—to all, who have braved his power,
One common end—the block.

BARADAS.

Nay, if he live,
The block your doom;—

DE MAUPRAT.

Better the victim, Count,
Than the assassin.—France requires a Richelieu,
But does not need a Mauprat. Truce to this;—
All time one midnight, where my thoughts are spectres.
What to me fame?—What love?—

BARADAS.

Yet dost thou love *not?*

DE MAUPRAT.

Love?—I am young——

BARADAS.

And Julie fair! (*Aside*) It is so,
Upon the margin of the grave—his hand
Would pluck the rose that I would win and wear!
(*Aloud*)* Thou lovest—

DE MAUPRAT.

Who, lonely in the midnight tent,
Gazed on the watch-fires in the sleepless air,
Nor chose one star amidst the clustering hosts
To bless it in the name of some fair face
Set in his spirit, as that star in Heaven?
For our divine Affections, like the Spheres,
Move ever, ever musical.

BARADAS.

You speak
As one who fed on poetry.

DE MAUPRAT.

Why, man,
The thoughts of lovers stir with poetry
As leaves with summer-wind.—The heart that loves
Dwells in an Eden, hearing angel-lutes,
As Eve in the First Garden. Hast thou seen
My Julie, and not felt it henceforth dull
To live in the common world—and talk in words
That clothe the feelings of the frigid herd?—
Upon the perfumed pillow of her lips—
As on his native bed of roses flush'd
With Paphian skies—Love smiling sleeps:—Her voice
The blest interpreter of thoughts as pure
As virgin wells where Dian takes delight,
Or Fairies dip their changelings!—In the maze
Of her harmonious beauties—Modesty

* Omitted in representation, from line 142 to line 176.

(Like some severer Grace that leads the choir
Of her sweet sisters) every airy motion
Attunes to such chaste charm, that Passion holds
His burning breath, and will not with a sigh
Dissolve the spell that binds him !—Oh those eyes
That woo the earth—shadowing more soul than lurks
Under the lids of Psyche !—Go !—thy lip
Curls at the purfled phrases of a lover—
Love thou, and if thy love be deep as mine,
Thou wilt not laugh at poets.

BARADAS (*aside*).

With each word
Thou wak'st a jealous demon in my heart,
And my hand clutches at my hilt—

DE MAUPRAT (*gaily*).

No more !—
I love !—Your breast holds both my secrets ;—Never
Unbury either !—Come, while yet we may,
We'll bask us in the noon of rosy life :—
Lounge through the gardens,—flaunt it in the taverns,—
Laugh,—game,—drink,—feast :—If so confined my days,
Faith, I'll enclose the nights.—Pshaw ! not so grave ;
I'm a true Frenchman !—*Vive la bagatelle !*

(*As they are going out, Enter Huguet, and four arquebusiers.*)

HUGUET.

Messire De Mauprat,—I arrest you !—Follow
To the Lord Cardinal.

DE MAUPRAT.

You see, my friend,
I'm out of my suspense !—the tiger's play'd
Long enough with his prey.—Farewell !—Hereafter
Say, when men name me, "Adrien de Mauprat
Lived without hope, and perished without fear !"

[*Exeunt De Mauprat, Huguet, &c.*

BARADAS.

Farewell !—I trust for ever ! I design'd thee
For Richelieu's murderer——but, as well his martyr !
In childhood you the stronger—and I cursed you ;
In youth the fairer—and I cursed you still ;
And now my rival !—While the name of Julie
Hung on thy lips—I smiled—for then I saw

In my mind's eye, the cold and grinning Death
Hang o'er thy head the pall!—Ambition, Love,
Ye twin-born stars of daring destinies,
Sit in my house of Life!—By the King's aid
I will be Julie's husband—in despite
Of my Lord Cardinal—By the King's aid
I will be minister of France—in spite
Of my Lord Cardinal;—and then—what then?
The King loves Julie—feeble Prince—false master—

(*Producing and gazing on the parchment.*)

Then, by the aid of Bouillon, and the Spaniard,
I will dethrone the King; and all—ha!—ha!—
All, in despite of my Lord Cardinal. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A room in the Palais Cardinal, the walls hung with arras. A large screen in one corner. A table covered with books, papers, &c. A rude clock in a recess. Busts, statues, bookcases, weapons of different periods, and banners suspended over Richelieu's chair.

Richelieu.—Joseph.

RICHELIEU.

And so you think this new conspiracy
The craftiest trap yet laid for the old fox?——
Fox!—Well, I like the nickname! What did Plutarch
Say of the Greek Lysander?

JOSEPH.

I forget.

RICHELIEU.

That where the lion's skin fell short, he eked it
Out with the fox's! A great statesman, Joseph,
That same Lysander!

JOSEPH.

Orleans heads the traitors.

RICHELIEU.

A very wooden head then! Well?

JOSEPH.

The favourite,
Count Baradas—

RICHELIEU.

A weed of hasty growth;
First gentleman of the chamber—titles, lands,
And the King's ear!—it cost me six long winters
To mount as high, as in six little moons
This painted lizard——But I hold the ladder,
And when I shake—he falls! What more?

JOSEPH.

A scheme
To make your orphan-ward an instrument
To aid your foes. You placed her with the Queen,
One of the royal chamber,—as a watch
I' th' enemy's quarters—

RICHELIEU.

And the silly child
Visits me daily,—calls me "Father,"—prays
Kind heaven to bless me—And for all the rest,
As well have placed a doll about the Queen!
She does not heed who frowns—who smiles; with whom
The King confers in whispers; notes not when
Men who last week were foes, are found in corners
Mysteriously affectionate; words spoken
Within closed doors she never hears;—by chance
Taking the air at keyholes—Senseless puppet!
No ears—nor eyes!—and yet she says—"She loves me!"
Go on——

JOSEPH.

Your ward has charm'd the King——

RICHELIEU.

Out on you!
Have I not, one by one, from such fair shoots
Pluck'd the insidious ivy of his love?
And shall it creep around my blossoming tree
Where innocent thoughts, like happy birds, make music
That spirits in Heaven might hear?—They're sinful too.
Those passionate surfeits of the rampant flesh,
The Church condemns them; and to us, my Joseph,
The props and pillars of the Church, most hurtful.

The King is weak—whoever the King loves
Must rule the King; the lady loves another,
The other rules the lady—thus we're balked
Of our own proper sway—The King must have
No goddess but the State:—the State—That's Richelieu!

JOSEPH.

This not the worst;—Louis, in all decorous,
And deeming you her least compliant guardian,
Would veil his suit by marriage with his minion,
Your prosperous foe, Count Baradas!

RICHELIEU.

Ha! ha!
I have another bride for Baradas.

JOSEPH.

You, my Lord?

RICHELIEU.

Ay—more faithful than the love
Of fickle woman:—when the head lies lowliest,
Clasping him fondest;—Sorrow never knew
So sure a soother,—and her bed is stainless!

JOSEPH (*aside*).

If of the grave he speaks, I do not wonder
That priests are bachelors!

Enter François.

FRANÇOIS.

Mademoiselle De Mortemar.

RICHELIEU.

Most opportune—admit her. [*Exit François.*
In my closet
You'll find a rosary, Joseph; ere you tell
Three hundred beads, I'll summon you.—Stay, Joseph;—
I did omit an Ave in my matins,—
A grievous fault;—atone it for me, Joseph;
There is a scourge within; I am weak, you strong,
It were but charity to take my sin
On such broad shoulders. Exercise is healthful.

JOSEPH.

I! guilty of such criminal presumption
As to mistake myself for you—No, never!
Think it not!—(*Aside*) Troth, a pleasant invitation!
[*Exit Joseph.*

Enter Julie de Mortemar.

RICHELIEU.

That's my sweet Julie!—why, upon this face
Blushes such daybreak, one might swear the Morning
Were come to visit Tithon.

JULIE (*placing herself at his feet*).

Are you gracious?—
May I say "Father?"

RICHELIEU.

Now and ever!

JULIE.

Father!
A sweet word to an orphan.

RICHELIEU.

No; not orphan
While Richelieu lives; thy father loved me well;
My friend, ere I had flatterers (now, I'm great,
In other phrase, I'm friendless)—he died young
In years, not service, and bequeath'd thee to me;
And thou shalt have a dowry, girl, to buy
Thy mate amidst the mightiest. Drooping?—sighs?—
Art thou not happy at the court?

JULIE.

Not often.

RICHELIEU (*aside*).

Can she love Baradas?—Ah! at thy heart
There's what can smile and sigh, blush and grow pale,
All in a breath!—Thou art admired—art young;
Does not his Majesty commend thy beauty—
Ask thee to sing to him?—and swear such sounds
Had smooth'd the brows of Saul?—

JULIE.

He's very tiresome,
Our worthy King.

RICHELIEU.

Fie; kings are never tiresome,
Save to their ministers.—What courtly gallants
Charm ladies most?—De Sourdiac, Longueville, or
The favourite Baradas?

JULIE.

A smileless man—
I fear, and shun him.

RICHELIEU.

Yet he courts thee?

JULIE.

Then
He is more tiresome than his Majesty.

RICHELIEU.

Right, girl, shun Baradas.—Yet of these flowers
Of France, not one, in whose more honied breath
Thy heart hears Summer whisper?

Enter Huguet.

HUGUET.

The Chevalier
De Mauprat waits below.

JULIE (*starting up*).

De Mauprat!

RICHELIEU.

Hem!
He has been tiresome too!—Anon. [*Exit Huguet.*

JULIE.

What doth he?— 300
I mean—I—Does your Eminence—that is—
Know you Messire de Mauprat?

RICHELIEU.

Well!—and you——
Has he address'd you often?

JULIE.

Often! No—
Nine times;—nay, ten;—the last time, by the lattice
Of the great staircase.—(*In a melancholy tone*) The Court sees him rarely.

RICHELIEU.

A bold and forward royster?

JULIE.

He?—nay, modest,
Gentle, and sad methinks.

RICHELIEU.

Wears gold and azure?

JULIE.

No; sable.

RICHELIEU.

So you note his colours, Julie?
Shame on you, child, look loftier. By the mass
I have business with this modest gentleman.

JULIE.

You're angry with poor Julie. There's no cause.

RICHELIEU.

No cause—you hate my foes?

JULIE.

I do!

RICHELIEU.

Hate Mauprat?

JULIE.

Not Mauprat. No, not Adrien, father.

RICHELIEU.

Adrien!
Familiar!—Go, child; no,—not *that* way;—wait
In the tapestry chamber; I will join you,—go.

JULIE.

His brows are knit;—I dare not call him father!
But I *must* speak—Your Eminence—

RICHELIEU (*sternly*).

Well, girl!

JULIE.

Nay
Smile on me—one smile more; there, now I'm happy.
Do not rank Mauprat with your foes; he is not,
I know he *is* not; he loves France too well.

RICHELIEU.

Not rank De Mauprat with my foes? So be it.
I'll blot him from that list.

JULIE.

That's my own father.

[*Exit Julie.*

RICHELIEU (*ringing a small bell on the table.*)

Huguet!

Enter Huguet.

De Mauprat struggled not, nor murmur'd?

HUGUET.

No; proud and passive.

RICHELIEU.

Bid him enter.—Hold:
Look that he hide no weapon. Humph, despair
Makes victims sometimes victors. When he has enter'd,
Glide round unseen;—place thyself yonder (*pointing to the screen*); watch him;
If he show violence—(let me see thy carbine;
So, a good weapon;)—if he play the lion,
Why—the dog's death.

HUGUET.

I never miss my mark. 330

Exit Huguet; Richelieu seats himself at the table, and slowly arranges the papers before him. Enter De Mauprat, preceded by Huguet, who then retires behind the screen.

RICHELIEU.

Approach, Sir.—Can you call to mind the hour,
Now three years since, when in this room, methinks,
Your presence honour'd me?

DE MAUPRAT.

It is, my Lord,
One of my most——

RICHELIEU (*drily*).

Delightful recollections.*

DE MAUPRAT (*aside*).

St. Denis! doth he make a jest of axe
And headsman?

RICHELIEU (*sternly*).

I did then accord you
A mercy ill requited—you still live?

DE MAUPRAT.

To meet death face to face at last.†

RICHELIEU.

Your words.
Are bold.

* There are many anecdotes of the irony, often so terrible, in which Richelieu indulged. But he had a love for humour in its more hearty and genial shape. He would send for Boisrobert "to make him laugh,"—and grave ministers and magnates waited in the ante-room, while the great Cardinal listened and responded to the sallies of the lively wit.

† Omitted in representation, from line 338 to line 361.

DE MAURPRAT.

My deeds have not belied them.

RICHELIEU.

Deeds!
O miserable delusion of man's pride!
Deeds! cities sack'd, fields ravaged, hearths profaned,
Men butcher'd! In your hour of doom behold
The *deeds* you boast of! From rank showers of blood,
And the red light of blazing roofs, you build
The Rainbow Glory, and to shuddering Conscience
Cry,—Lo, the Bridge to Heaven!

DE MAURPRAT.

If war be sinful,
Your hand the gauntlet cast.

RICHELIEU.

It was so, Sir.
Note the distinction:—I weigh'd well the cause
Which made the standard holy; raised the war
But to secure the peace. France bled—I groan'd;
But look'd beyond; and, in the vista, saw
France saved, and I exulted. You—but you
Were but the tool of slaughter—knowing nought,
Foreseeing nought, nought hoping, nought lamenting,
And for nought fit,—save cutting throats for hire.
Deeds, marry, deeds!

DE MAURPRAT.

If you would deign to speak
Thus to your armies ere they march to battle,
Perchance your Eminence might have the pain
Of the throat-cutting to yourself.

RICHELIEU (*aside*).

He has wit,
This Maurprat—(*Aloud*)—Let it pass; there is against you
What you can less excuse. Messire de Maurprat,
Doom'd to sure death, how hast thou since consumed
The time allotted thee for serious thought
And solemn penitence?

DE MAURPRAT (*embarrassed*).

The time, my Lord?

RICHELIEU.

Is not the question plain? I'll answer for thee.
Thou hast sought nor priest nor shrine; no sackcloth chafed

Thy delicate flesh. The rosary and the death's-head
Have not, with pious meditation, purged
Earth from the carnal gaze. What thou hast *not* done
Brief told; what done, a volume! Wild debauch,
Turbulent riot:—for the morn the dice-box—
Noon claim'd the duel—and the night the wassail;
These, your most holy, pure preparatives
For death and judgment. Do I wrong you, Sir?

DE MAUPRAT.

I was not always thus:—if changed my nature,
Blame that, which changed my fate.—Alas, my Lord,
There is a brotherhood which calm-eyed Reason*
Can wot not of betwixt Despair and Mirth.
My birth-place mid the vines of sunny Provence,
Perchance the stream that sparkles in my veins
Came from that wine of passionate life which, erst,
Glow'd in the wild heart of the Troubadour:
And danger, which makes steadier courage wary,
But fevers me with an insane delight;
As one of old who on the mountain-crags
Caught madness from a Mænad's haunting eyes.
Were you, my Lord,—whose path imperial power,
And the grave cares of reverent wisdom guard
From all that tempts to folly meaner men,—
Were you accursed with that which you inflicted—
By bed and board, dogg'd by one ghastly spectre—
The while within you youth beat high, and life
Grew lovelier from the neighbouring frown of death—
The heart no bud, nor fruit—save in those seeds
Most worthless, which spring up, bloom, bear, and wither
In the same hour—Were this your fate, perchance,
You would have err'd like me!

RICHELIEU.

I might, like you,
Have been a brawler and a reveller;—not,
Like you, a trickster and a thief.—

DE MAUPRAT (*advancing threateningly*).

Lord Cardinal!—
Unsay those words!—

(*Huguet deliberately raises the carbine*).

RICHELIEU (*waving his hand*).

Not quite so quick, friend Huguet;

* Omitted in representation, from line 376 to 389.

Messire de Mauprat is a patient man,
And he can wait!—
You have outrun your fortune;—
I blame you not, that you would be a beggar—
Each to his taste!—But I do charge you, Sir,
That, being beggar'd, you would coin false monies
Out of that crucible, called DEBT.—To live
On means not yours—be brave in silks and laces,
Gallant in steeds—splendid in banquets;—all
Not *yours*—ungiven—unherited—unpaid for;—
This is to be a trickster; and to filch
Men's art and labour, which to them is wealth,
Life, daily bread,—quitting all scores with—"Friend,
You're troublesome!"—Why this, forgive me,
Is what—when done with a less dainty grace—
Plain folks call "*Theft!*"—You owe eight thousand pistoles,
Minus one crown, two liards!——

DE MAUPRAT (*aside*).

The old conjuror!—
Sdeath, he'll inform me next how many cups
I drank at dinner!—

RICHELIEU.

This is scandalous,
Shaming your birth and blood ——I tell you, Sir,
That you must pay your debts.—

DE MAUPRAT.

With all my heart,
My Lord.—Where shall I borrow, then, the money?

RICHELIEU (*aside and laughing*).

A humorous dare-devil!—The very man
To suit my purpose—ready, frank, and bold!

(*Rising, and earnestly*).

Adrien de Mauprat, men have called me cruel;—
I am not;—I am *just!*—I found France rent asunder,—
The rich men despots, and the poor banditti;—
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;
Brawls festering to Rebellion; and weak Laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.—
I have re-created France; and, from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcase,
Civilization on her luminous wings
Soars, phœnix-like, to Jove!—What was my art?

Genius, some say,—some, Fortune,—Witchcraft some.
Not so;—my art was JUSTICE!—Force and Fraud
Misname it cruelty—you shall confute them!
My champion YOU!—You met me as your foe,
Depart my friend—You shall not die.—France needs you.
You shall wipe off all stains,—be rich, be honour'd,
Be great.——

(*De Mauprat falls on his knee—Richelieu raises him.*)

I ask, Sir, in return, this hand,
To gift it with a bride, whose dower shall match,
Yet not exceed, her beauty.

DE MAUPRAT.

I, my Lord,—(*hesitating*)
I have no wish to marry.

RICHELIEU.

Surely, Sir,
To die were worse.

DE MAUPRAT.

Scarcely; the poorest coward
Must die,—but knowingly to march to marriage—
My Lord, it asks the courage of a lion!

RICHELIEU.

Traitor, thou triflest with me!—I know *all!*
Thou hast dared to love my ward—my charge.

DE MAUPRAT.

As rivers
May love the sunlight—basking in the beams,
And hurrying on!—

RICHELIEU.

Thou hast told her of thy love?

DE MAUPRAT.

My Lord, if I had dared to love a maid,
Lowliest in France, I would not so have wrong'd her,
As bid her link rich life and virgin hope
With one, the deathman's gripe might, from her side,
Pluck at the nuptial altar.

RICHELIEU.

I believe thee;
Yet since she knows not of thy love, renounce her;—
Take life and fortune with another!—Silent?

DE MAUPRAT.

Your fate has been one triumph—You know not
How bless'd a thing it was in my dark hour
To nurse the one sweet thought you bid me banish.
Love hath no need of words;—nor less within
That holiest temple—the heaven-builded soul—
Breathes the recorded vow.—Base knight,—false lover
Were he, who barter'd all, that brighten'd grief,
Or sanctified despair, for life and gold.
Revoke your mercy;—I prefer the fate
I look'd for!

RICHELIEU.

Huguet! to the tapestry chamber
Conduct your prisoner.

(*To Mauprat.*)

You will there behold
The executioner:—your doom be private—
And Heaven have mercy on you!—

DE MAUPRAT.

When I'm dead,
Tell her, I loved her.

RICHELIEU.

Keep such follies, Sir,
For fitter ears;—go—

DE MAUPRAT.

Does he mock me?

Exeunt de Mauprat, Huguet.

RICHELIEU.

Joseph,
Come forth.

Enter Joseph.

Methinks your cheek hath lost its rubies;
I fear you have been too lavish of the flesh;
The scourge is heavy.

JOSEPH.

Pray you, change the subject.

RICHELIEU.

You good men are so modest!—Well, to business!
Go instantly—deeds—notaries!—bid my stewards
Arrange my house by the Luxembourg—*my* house

No more!—a bridal present to my ward,
Who weds to-morrow.

JOSEPH.

Weds, with whom?

RICHELIEU.

De Mauprat.

JOSEPH.

Penniless husband!

RICHELIEU.

Bah! the mate for beauty
Should be a man, and not a money-chest!
When her brave sire lay on his bed of death,
I vow'd to be a father to his Julie:—
And so he died—the smile upon his lips!—
And when I spared the life of her young lover,
Methought I saw that smile again!—Who else,
Look you, in all the court—who else so well,
Brave, or supplant the favourite;—balk the King—
Baffle their schemes?—I have tried him:—He has honour
And courage;—qualities that eagle-plume
Men's souls,—and fit them for the fiercest sun,
Which ever melted the weak waxen minds
That flutter in the beams of gaudy Power!
Besides, he has taste, this Mauprat:—When my play
Was acted to dull tiers of lifeless gapers,*
Who had no soul for poetry, I saw him
Applaud in the proper places: trust me, Joseph,
He is a man of an uncommon promise!

JOSEPH.

And yet your foe.

RICHELIEU.

Have I not foes enow?—
Great men gain doubly when they make foes friends.

* The Abbé Arnaud tells us that the Queen was a little avenged on the Cardinal by the ill success of the tragi-comedy of Mirame—more than suspected to be his own—though presented to the world under the foster name of Desmarets. Its representation (says Pelisson) cost him 300,000 crowns. He was so transported out of himself by the performance, that at one time he thrust his person half out of his box to show himself to the assembly; at another time he imposed silence on the audience that they might not lose "*des endroits encore plus beaux*." He said afterwards to Desmarets: "Eh bien, les Français n'auront donc jamais de goût. Ils n'ont pas été charmés de Mirame!" Arnaud says pithily, "On ne pouvoit alors avoir d'autre satisfaction des offenses d'un homme qui étoit maître de tout, et redoutable à tout le monde." Nevertheless his style in prose, though not devoid of the pedantic affectations of the time, often rises into very noble eloquence.

Remember my grand maxims:—First employ
All methods to conciliate.*

JOSEPH.

Failing these?

RICHELIEU (*fiercely*).

All means to crush: as with the opening, and
The clenching of this little hand, I will
Crush the small venom of these stinging courtiers.
So, so, we've baffled Baradas.

JOSEPH.

And when
Check the conspiracy?

RICHELIEU.

Check, check? Full way to it.
Let it bud, ripen, flaunt i' the day, and burst
To fruit,—the Dead Sea's fruit of ashes; ashes
Which I will scatter to the winds.
Go, Joseph;
When you return, I have a feast for you;
The last great act of my great play: the verses,
Methinks, are fine,—ah, very fine.—*You* write
Verses!†—(*aside*) *such* verses!—You have wit, discernment.

JOSEPH (*aside*).

Worse than the scourge! Strange that so great a statesman
Should be so bad a poet.

RICHELIEU.

What dost say?

* "Vialart remarque une chose qui peut expliquer la conduite de Richelieu en d'autres circonstances:—c'est que les seigneurs à qui leur naissance ou leur mérite pouvoit permettre des prétensions, il avoit pour système, de leur accorder au-delà même de leurs droits et de leurs espérances, mais, aussi, une fois comblés—si, au lieu de reconnoître ses services ils se levoient contre lui, il les traitoit sans miséricorde."—*Anquétil*. See also the Political Testament, and the Mémoires de Cardinal Richelieu, in Petitot's collection.

† "Tantôt fanatique—tantôt fourbe—fonder les religieuses de Calvaire—*faire d s vers*." Thus speaks Voltaire of Father Joseph. His talents, and influence with Richelieu, grossly exaggerated in his own day, are now rightly estimated.

"C'étoit en effet un homme infatigable—portant dans les entreprises, l'activité, la souplesse, l'opiniâtreté propres à les faire réussir."—*Anquétil*. He wrote a Latin poem, called "La Turciade," in which he sought to excite the kingdoms of Christendom against the Turks. But the inspiration of Tyrtæus was denied to Father Joseph.

JOSEPH.

That it is strange so great a statesman should
Be so sublime a poet.

RICHELIEU.

Ah, you rogue;
Laws die, Books never. Of my ministry
I am not vain! but of my muse, I own it.
Come, you shall hear the verses now (*Takes up a MS.*).

JOSEPH.

My Lord,
The deeds, the notaries!

RICHELIEU.

True, I pity you;
But business first, then pleasure. [*Exit Joseph.*

RICHELIEU (*seats himself and reading*).

Ah, sublime!

Enter De Mauprat and Julie.

DE MAUPRAT.

Oh, speak, my Lord—I dare not think you mock me,
And yet——

RICHELIEU.

Hush—hush—This line must be consider'd!

JULIE.

Are we not both your children?

RICHELIEU.

What a couplet!——
How now! Oh! Sir—you live!

DE MAUPRAT.

Why, no, methinks,
Elysium is not life!

JULIE.

He smiles!—you smile,
My father! From my heart for ever, now,
I'll blot the name of orphan!

RICHELIEU.

Rise, my children,
For ye are mine—mine both;—and in your sweet

And young delight—your love—(life's first-born glory)
My own lost youth breathes musical!

DE MAUPRAT.

I'll seek
Temple and priest henceforward;—were it but
To learn Heaven's choicest blessings.

RICHELIEU.

Thou shalt seek
Temple and priest right soon; the morrow's sun
Shall see across these barren thresholds pass
The fairest bride in Paris.—Go, my children;
Even *I* loved once!——Be lovers while ye may!
How is it with you, Sir? You bear it bravely:
You know, it asks the courage of a lion.

[*Exeunt Julie and De Mauprat.*

RICHELIEU.

Oh! godlike Power! Woe, Rapture, Penury, Wealth,—
Marriage and Death, for one infirm old man
Through a great empire to dispense—withhold—
As the will whispers! And shall things—like motes
That live in my daylight—lackies of court wages,
Dwarf'd starvelings—mannikins, upon whose shoulders
The burthen of a province were a load
More heavy than the globe on Atlas,—cast
Lots for my robes and sceptre? France! I love thee!
All Earth shall never pluck thee from my heart!
My mistress France—my wedded wife,—sweet France,
Who shall proclaim divorce for thee and me!

[*Exit Richelieu.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

Second Day.

SCENE I.

A splendid Apartment in Mauprat's new House. Casements opening to the Gardens, beyond which the domes of the Luxembourg Palace.

Enter Baradas.

BARADAS.

Mauprat's new home:—too splendid for a soldier!
But o'er his floors—the while I stalk—methinks
My shadow spreads gigantic to the gloom
The old rude towers of the Bastile cast far
Along the smoothness of the jocund day.—
Well, thou hast scaped the fierce caprice of Richelieu;
But art thou farther from the headsman, fool?
Thy secret I have whisper'd to the King;—
Thy marriage makes the King thy foe.—Thou stand'st
On the abyss—and in the pool below
I see a ghastly, headless phantom mirror'd;—
Thy likeness ere the marriage moon hath waned.
Meanwhile—meanwhile—ha—ha, if thou art wedded,
Thou art not wived.

Enter Mauprat (splendidly dressed).

MAUPRAT.

Was ever fate like mine?
So blest, and yet so wretched!

BARADAS.

Joy, de Mauprat!—
Why, what a brow, man, for your wedding-day!

DE MAUPRAT.

Jest not!—Distraction!

BARADAS.

What your wife, a shrew
Already? Courage, man—the common lot!

DE MAUPRAT.

Oh! that she were less lovely, or less loved!

BARADAS.

Riddles again!

DE MAUPRAT.

You know, what chanced between
The Cardinal and myself.

BARADAS.

This morning brought
Your letter:—faith, a strange account! I laugh'd
And wept at once for gladness.

DE MAUPRAT.

We were wed
At noon;—the rite perform'd, came hither;—scarce
Arrived, when——

BARADAS.

Well?—

DE MAUPRAT.

Wide flew the doors, and lo,
Messire de Beringhen, and this epistle!

BARADAS.

'Tis the King's hand!—the royal seal!

DE MAUPRAT.

Read—read—

BARADAS (*reading*).

"Whereas Adrien de Mauprat, Colonel and Chevalier in our armies, being already guilty of High Treason, by the seizure of our town of Faviaux, has presumed, without our knowledge, consent, or sanction, to connect himself by marriage with Julie de Mortemar, a wealthy orphan attached to the person of Her Majesty, without our knowledge or consent—We do hereby proclaim and declare the said marriage contrary to law. On penalty of death, Adrien de Mauprat will not communicate with the said Julie de Mortemar by word or letter, save in the presence of our faithful servant the Sieur de Beringhen, and then with such respect and decorum as are due to a Demoiselle attached to the Court of France, until such time as it may suit our royal pleasure to confer with the Holy Church on the formal annulment of the marriage, and with our Council on the punishment to be awarded to Messire de Mauprat, who is

cautioned for his own sake to preserve silence as to our injunction, more especially to Mademoiselle de Mortemar.

"Given under our hand and seal at the Louvre.

"LOUIS."

BARADAS (*returning the letter*).

Amazement!—Did not Richelieu say, the King
Knew not your crime?

DE MAUPRAT.

He said so.

BARADAS.

Poor de Mauprat!—
See you the snare, the vengeance worse than death,
Of which you are the victim?

DE MAUPRAT.

Ha!

BARADAS (*aside*).

It works!

(*Julie and De Beringhen in the Gardens.*)

You have not sought the Cardinal yet to——

DE MAUPRAT.

No!
Scarce yet my sense awaken'd from the shock;
Now I will seek him.

BARADAS.

Hold, beware!—Stir not
Till we confer again.

DE MAUPRAT.

Speak out, man!—

BARADAS.

Hush!
Your wife!—De Beringhen!—Be on your guard—
Obey the royal orders to the letter.
I'll look around your palace. By my troth
A princely mansion!

DE MAUPRAT.

Stay—

BARADAS.

So new a bridegroom

Can want no visiters;—Your servant, Madam!
Oh! happy pair—Oh, charming picture!
[*Exit through a side-door.*

JULIE.

Adrien,
You left us suddenly—Are you not well?

DE MAUPRAT.

Oh, very well—that is—extremely ill!

JULIE.

Ill, Adrien? (*taking his hand*).

DE MAUPRAT.

Not when I see thee.

(*He is about to lift her hand to his lips when De Beringhen coughs and pulls his mantle. Mauprat drops the hand and walks away.*)

JULIE.

Alas!
Should he not love me?

DE BERINGHEN (*aside*).

Have a care, I must
Report each word—each gesture to his Majesty.

DE MAUPRAT.

Sir, if you were not in his Majesty's service,
You'd be the most officious, impudent,
Damn'd busy-body ever interfering
In a man's family affairs.

DE BERINGHEN.

But as
I do belong, Sir, to his Majesty—

DE MAUPRAT.

You're lucky!—Still, were we a story higher,
'Twere prudent not to go too near the window.

JULIE.

Adrien, what have I done? Say, am I chnaged
Since yesterday?—or was it but for wealth,
Ambition, life—that—that—you swore you loved me?

DE MAUPRAT.

I shall go mad!—I do, indeed I do—

DE BERINGHEN (*aside*).

Not love her! that were highly disrespectful.

JULIE.

You do—what, Adrien?

DE MAUPRAT.

Oh! I do, indeed——
I do think, that this weather is delightful!
A charming day! the sky is so serene!
And what a prospect!—(*to De Beringhen*) Oh! you Popinjay!

JULIE.

He jests at me!—he mocks me!—yet I love him,
And every look becomes the lips we love!
Perhaps I am too grave?—You laugh at Julie;
If laughter please you, welcome be the music!
Only say, Adrien, that you love me.

DE MAUPRAT (*kissing her hand*).

Ay;
With my whole heart I love you!——
Now, Sir, go,
And tell that to his Majesty!—Who ever
Heard of its being a state-offence to kiss
The hand of one's own wife?

JULIE.

He says he loves me,
And starts away, as if to say "I love you"
Meant something *very* dreadful.—Come, sit by me,—
I place your chair!—fie on your gallantry!

(*They sit down; as he pushes his chair back, she draws hers nearer.*)

JULIE.

Why must this strange Messire de Beringhen
Be always here? He never takes a hint.
Do you not wish him gone?

DE MAUPRAT.

Upon my soul
I do, my Julie!—Send him for your *bouquet*,
Your glove, your—anything—

JULIE.

Messire De Beringhen,

I dropp'd my glove in the gardens by the fountain,
Or the alcove, or—stay—no, by the statue
Of Cupid; may I ask you to——

DE BERINGHEN.

To send for it?
Certainly (*ringing a bell on the table*). André, Pierre (your rascals, how
Do ye call them?)

Enter Servants.

Ah—*Madame* has dropp'd her glove
In the gardens, by the fountain,—or the alcove;
Or—stay—no, by the statue—eh?—of Cupid.
Bring it.

DE MAUPRAT.

Did ever now one pair of shoulders
Carry such waggon-loads of impudence
Into a gentleman's drawing-room?
Dear Julie,
I'm busy—letters—visiters—the devil!
I do beseech you leave me—I say—leave me.

JULIE (*weeping*).

You are unkind.

Exit. (*As she goes out, Mauprat drops on one knee and kisses the hem of her mantle, unseen by her.*)

DE BERINGHEN.

Ten million of apologies——

DE MAUPRAT.

I'll not take one of them. I have, as yet,
Withstood all things—my heart—my love—my rights.
But Julie's tears!——When is this farce to end?

DE BERINGHEN.

Oh! when you please. His Majesty requests me,
As soon as you infringe his gracious orders,
To introduce you to the Governor
Of the Bastile. I should have had that honour
Before, but, gad, my foible is good nature;
One can't be hard upon a friend's infirmities.

DE MAUPRAT.

I know the King can send me to the scaffold—

Dark prospect!—but I'm used to it; and if
The Church and Council, by this hour to-morrow,
One way or other settle not the matter,
I will——

DE BERINGHEN.

What, my dear Sir?

DE MAUPRAT.

Show you the door,
My dear, dear Sir; talk as I please, with whom
I please, in my own house, dear Sir, until
His Majesty shall condescend to find
A stouter gentleman than you, dear Sir,
To take me out; and now you understand me,
My dear, most dear—Oh, damnably dear Sir!

DE BERINGHEN.

What, almost in a passion! you will cool
Upon reflection. Well, since *Madame's* absent,
I'll take a small refreshment. Now, don't stir;
Be careful;—how's your burgundy?—I'll taste it—
Finish it all before I leave you. Nay,
No form;—you see I make myself at home.

[*Exit De Beringhen.*

DE MAUPRAT (*going to the door through which Baradas had passed*).

Baradas! Count!

Enter Baradas.

You spoke of snares—of vengeance
Sharper than death—be plainer.

BARADAS.

What so clear?
Richelieu has but two passions——

DE MAUPRAT.

Richelieu!

BARADAS.

Yes!
Ambition and revenge—in you both blended.
First for ambition—Julie is his ward,
Innocent—docile—pliant to his will—
He placed her at the court—foresaw the rest—
The King loves Julie!

DE MAUPRAT.

Merciful Heaven! The King!

BARADAS.

Such Cupids lend new plumes to Richelieu's wings:
But the court etiquette must give such Cupids
The veil of Hymen—(Hymen but in name).
He look'd abroad—found you his foe:—*thus* served
Ambition—by the grandeur of his ward,
And vengeance—by dishonour to his foe!

DE MAUPRAT.

Prove this.

BARADAS.

You have the proof—the royal Letter:—
Your strange exemption from the general pardon,
Known but to me and Richelieu; can you doubt
Your friend to acquit your foe? The truth is glaring—
Richelieu alone could tell the princely Lover
The tale which sells your life,—or buys your honour!

DE MAUPRAT.

I see it all!—Mock pardon—hurried nuptials—
False bounty!—all!—the serpent of that smile!
Oh! it stings home!

BARADAS.

You yet shall crush his malice;
Our plans are sure:—Orleans is at our head;
We meet to night; join us, and with us triumph.

DE MAUPRAT.

To night?—Oh Heaven!—my marriage night!—Revenge!

BARADAS.

What class of men, whose white lips do not curse*
The grim, insatiate, universal tyrant?
We, noble-born—where are our antique rights—
Our feudal seignories—our castled strength,
That did divide us from the base Plebeians,
And made our swords our law—where are they?—trod
To dust—and o'er the graves of our dead power
Scaffolds are monuments—the Kingly House
Shorn of its beams—the Royal Sun of France
'Clips'd by this blood-red comet. Where we turn,
Nothing but Richelieu!—Armies—Church—State—Laws,
But mirrors that do multiply his beams.

* Omitted in representation from line 146 to 171.

He sees all—acts all—Argus and Briaræus—
Spy at our boards—and deathsman at our hearths,
Under the venom of one laidley nightshade,
Wither the lilies of all France.

DE MAUPRAT (*impatiently*).

But Julie—

BARADAS (*unheeding him*).

As yet the Fiend that serves hath saved his power
From every snare; and in the epitaphs
Of many victims dwells a warning moral
That preaches caution. Were I not assured
That what before was hope is ripen'd now
Into most certain safety, trust me, Mauprat,
I still could hush my hate and mark thy wrongs,
And say "Be patient!"—*Now*, the King himself
Smiles kindly when I tell him that his peers
Will rid him of his Priest. You knit your brows,
Noble impatience!—Pass we to our scheme!
'Tis Richelieu's wont, each morn, within his chapel,
(Hypocrite worship ended,) to dispense
Alms to the Mendicant friars,—in that guise
A band (yourself the leader) shall surround
And seize the despot.

DE MAUPRAT.

But the King? but Julie?

BARADAS.

The King, infirm in health, in mind more feeble,
Is but the plaything of a Minister's will.
Were Richelieu dead—his power were mine; and Louis
Soon should forget his passion and your crime.
But whither now?

DE MAUPRAT.

I know not; I scarce hear thee;
A little while for thought: anon I'll join thee;
But now, all air seems tainted, and I loathe
The face of man!

[*Exit De Mauprat through the Garden.*

BARADAS.

Start from the chase, my prey,
But as thou speed'st the hell-hounds of Revenge
Pant in thy track and dog thee down.

Enter De Beringhen, his mouth full, a napkin in his hand.

DE BERINGHEN.

Chevalier,
Your cook's a miracle,—what, my Host gone?
Faith, Count, my office is a post of danger—
A fiery fellow, Mauprat!—touch and go,—
Match and saltpetre,—pr—r—r—r—!

BARADAS.

You
Will be released ere long. The King resolves
To call the bride to court this day.

DE BERINGHEN.

Poor Mauprat!
Yet, since *you* love the lady, why so careless
Of the King's suit?

BARADAS.

Because the lady's virtuous,
And the King timid. Ere he win the suit
He'll lose the crown,—the bride will be a widow,—
And I—the Richelieu of the Regent Orleans.

DE BERINGHEN.

Is Louis still so chafed against the Fox,
For snatching you fair dainty from the Lion?

BARADAS.

So chafed, that Richelieu totters. Yes, the King
Is half conspirator against the Cardinal.
Enough of this. I've found the man we wanted,—
The man to head the hands that murder Richelieu,—
The man, whose name the synonym for daring.

DE BERINGHEN.

He must mean me!—No, Count, I am—I own
A valiant dog—but still—

BARADAS.

Whom can I mean
But Mauprat?—Mark, to-night we meet at Marion's,
There shall we sign:—thence send this scroll (*showing it*) to Bouillon.
You're in that secret (*affectionately*)—one of our new Council.

DE BERINGHEN.

But to admit the Spaniard—France's foe—

Into the heart of France,—dethrone the King,—
It looks like treason, and I smell the headsman.

BARADAS.

Oh, Sir, too late to falter: when we meet
We must arrange the separate—coarser scheme,
For Richelieu's death. Of this despatch De Mauprat
Must nothing learn. He only bites at vengeance,
And he would start from treason.—We must post him
Without the door at Marion's—as a sentry.
(*Aside*)—So, when his head is on the block—his tongue
Cannot betray our more august designs!

DE BERINGHEN.

I'll meet you, if the King can spare me.—(*Aside.*)—No!
I am too old a goose to play with foxes.
I'll roost at home. Meanwhile, in the next room
There's a delicious pâté, let's discuss it.

BARADAS.

Pshaw! a man fill'd with a sublime ambition
Has no time to discuss your pâtés.

DE BERINGHEN.

Pshaw!
And a man fill'd with as sublime a pâté
Has no time to discuss ambition.—Gad,
I have the best of it!

(*Enter Julie hastily with first Courtier.*)

JULIE (*to Courtier*).

A summons, Sir,
To attend the Louvre?—On *this* day, too?

COURTIER.

Madame,
The royal carriage waits below.—Messire (*to De Beringhen*),
You will return with us.

JULIE.

What can this mean?—
Where is my husband?

BARADAS.

He has left the house
Perhaps till nightfall—so he bade me tell you.
Alas, were I the lord of such fair treasure—

JULIE (*impatiently*).

Till nightfall?—Strange—my heart misgives me!

COURTIER.

Madame,
My orders will not brook delay.

JULIE (*to Baradas*).

You'll see him—
And you will tell him!

BARADAS.

From the flowers of Hybla
Never more gladly did the bee bear honey,
Than I take sweetness from those rosiest lips,
Though to the hive of others!

COURTIER (*to De Beringhen*).

Come, Messire.

DE BERINGHEN (*hesitating*).

One moment, just to—

COURTIER.

Come, Sir.

DE BERINGHEN.

I shall not
Discuss the pâté after all. 'Ecod,
I'm puzzled now. I don't know who's the best of it!

Exeunt Julie, De Beringhen, and Courtier.

BARADAS.

Now will this fire his fever into madness!
All is made clear: Mauprat *must* murder Richelieu—
Die for that crime:—I shall console his Julie—
This will reach Bouillon!—from the wrecks of France
I shall carve out—who knows—perchance a throne!
All in despite of my Lord Cardinal.—

Enter De Mauprat from the Gardens.

DE MAUPRAT.

Speak! can it be?—Methought, that from the terrace
I saw the carriage of the King—and Julie!
No!—no!—my frenzy peoples the void air
With its own phantoms!

BARADAS.

Nay, too true.—Alas!
Was ever lightning swifter, or more blasting,
Than Richelieu's forkèd guile?

DE MAUPRAT.

I'll to the Louvre——

BARADAS.

And lose all hope!—The Louvre!—the sure gate
To the Bastile!

DE MAUPRAT.

The King——

BARADAS.

Is but the wax,
Which Richelieu stamps! Break the malignant *seal*,
And I will rase the print! Come, man, take heart!
Her virtue well could brave a sterner trial
Than a few hours of cold imperious courtship.
Were Richelieu *dust*—no danger!

DE MAUPRAT.

Ghastly Vengeance!
To thee and thine august and solemn sister
The unrelenting Death! I dedicate
The blood of Armand Richelieu! When Dishonour
Reaches our hearths Law dies, and Murther takes
The angel shape of Justice!

BARADAS.

Bravely said!
At midnight,—Marion's!—Nay, I cannot leave thee
To thoughts that——

DE MAUPRAT.

Speak not to me!—I am yours!—
But speak not! There's a voice within my soul,
Whose cry could drown the thunder.—Oh! if men
Will play dark sorcery with the heart of man,
Let they, who raise the spell, beware the Fiend! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room in the Palais Cardinal (as in the First Act).

Richelieu.—Joseph.

François, writing at a table.

JOSEPH.

Yes:—Huguet, taking his accustom'd round,—
Disguised as some plain burgher,—heard these rufflers
Quoting your name:—he listen'd,—"Pshaw!" said one,
"We are to seize the Cardinal in his palace
To-morrow!"—"How?" the other ask'd;—"You'll hear
The whole design to-night; the Duke of Orleans
And Baradas have got the map of action
At their fingers' end."—"So be it," quoth the other,
"I will be there,—Marion de Lorme's—at midnight!"

RICHELIEU.

I have them, man, I have them!

JOSEPH.

So they say
Of you, my Lord;—believe me, that their plans
Are mightier than you deem. You must employ
Means no less vast to meet them!

RICHELIEU.

Bah! in policy
We foil gigantic danger, not by giants,
But dwarfs.——The statues of our stately fortune
Are sculptured by the chisel—not the axe!*
Ah! were I younger—by the knightly heart
That beats beneath these priestly robes,† I would

* Richelieu not only employed the lowest, but would often consult men commonly esteemed, the dullest. "Il disoit que dans des choses de très grande importance, il avait expérimenté, que les moins sages donnoient souvent les meilleurs expédiens."—*Le Clerc.*

† Both Richelieu and Joseph were originally intended for the profession of arms. Joseph had served before he obeyed the spiritual inspiration to become a Capuchin. The death of his brother opened to Richelieu the Bishopric of Luçon; but his military propensities were as strong as his priestly ambition. I need scarcely add that the Cardinal, during his brilliant campaign in Italy, marched at the head of his troops in complete armour. It was under his administration that occurs the last example of proclaiming war by the chivalric defiance of herald and cartel. Richelieu valued himself much on his personal activity,—for his vanity was as universal as his ambition. A nobleman of the

Have pastime with these cut-throats!—Yea,—as when,
Lured to the ambush of the expecting foe,—
I clove my pathway through the plumed sea!
Reach me yon falchion, François,—not that bauble
For carpet-warriors,—yonder—such a blade
As old Charles Martel might have wielded when
He drove the Saracen from France.

(*François brings him one of the long two-handed swords worn in the Middle Ages.*)

With this
I, at Rochelle, did hand to hand engage
The stalwart Englisher,—no mongrels, boy,
Those island mastiffs,—mark the notch—a deep one—
His casque made here,—I shore him to the waist!
A toy—a feather—then!

(*Tries to wield, and lets it fall.*)

You see a child could
Slay Richelieu, now.

FRANÇOIS (*his hand on his hilt*).

But *now*, at your command
Are other weapons, my good Lord.

RICHELIEU (*who has seated himself as to write, lifts the pen*).

True,—THIS!
Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch-enchanter's wand!—itself a nothing!—
But taking sorcery from the master-hand
To paralyse the Cæsars—and to strike
The loud earth breathless!—Take away the sword—
States can be saved without it!

(*Looking on the clock.*)

'Tis the hour,—
Retire, Sir. [*Exit François.*

(*A knock is heard. A door, concealed in the arras opens cautiously. Enter Marion de Lorme.*)

house of Grammont one day found him employed in *jumping*, and, with all the *savoir vivre* of a Frenchman and a courtier, offered to jump against him. He suffered the Cardinal to jump higher, and soon after found himself rewarded by an appointment. Yet, strangely enough, this vanity did not lead to a patronage injurious to the state; for never before in France was ability made so essential a requisite in promotion. He was lucky in finding the cleverest fellow among his adroitest flatterers.

JOSEPH (*amazed*).

Marion de Lorme!

RICHELIEU.

Hist!—Joseph,
Keep guard.

(*Joseph retires to the principal entrance.*)

My faithful Marion!

MARION.

Good, my Lord,
They meet to-night in my poor house. The Duke
Of Orleans heads them.

RICHELIEU.

Yes—go on.

MARION.

His Highness
Much question'd if I knew some brave, discreet,
And vigilant man, whose tongue could keep a secret,
And who had those twin qualities for service,
The love of gold, the hate of Richelieu.—

RICHELIEU.

You?—

MARION.

Made answer, "Yes—my brother;—bold and trusty;
Whose faith, my faith could pledge;"—the Duke then bade me
Have him equipp'd and arm'd—well-mounted—ready
This night to part for Italy.

RICHELIEU.

Aha!—
Has Bouillon too turn'd traitor!—So, methought!—
What part of Italy?

MARION.

The Piedmont frontier,
Where Bouillon lies encamp'd.

RICHELIEU.

Now there is danger!
Great danger!—If he tamper with the Spaniard,
And Louis list not to my council, as,
Without sure proof, he will not,—France is lost.
What more?

MARION.

Dark hints of some design to seize
Your person in your palace. Nothing clear—
His Highness trembled while he spoke—the words
Did choke each other!

RICHELIEU.

So!—Who is the brother
You recommended to the Duke?

MARION.

Whoever
Your Eminence may father!—

RICHELIEU.

Darling Marion! *

(Goes to the table, and returns with a large bag of gold.)

There—pshaw—a trifle!—What an eye you have!
And what a smile—child!—(*kisses her*)—Ah! you fair perdition—
'Tis well I'm old!

MARION (*aside and seriously*).

What a great man he is!

RICHELIEU.

You are sure they meet?—the hour?

* Voltaire openly charges Richelieu with being the lover of Marion de Lorme, whom the great poet of France, Victor Hugo, has sacrificed History to adorn with qualities which were certainly not added to her personal charms.—She was not less perfidious than beautiful.—Le Clerc, properly, refutes the accusation of Voltaire, against the discretion of Richelieu; and says, very justly, that if the great minister had the frailties of human nature, he learnt how to veil them,—at least when he obtained the scarlet. In earlier life he had been prone to gallantries which a little prepossessed the King (who was formal and decorous, and threw a singular coldness into the few attachments he permitted to himself) against the aspiring intriguer. But these gayer occupations died away in the engagement of higher pursuits or of darker passions.

MARION.

At midnight.

RICHELIEU.

And
You will engage to give the Duke's despatch
To whom I send?

MARION.

Aye, marry!

RICHELIEU (*aside*).

Huguet? No;
He will be wanted elsewhere.—Joseph?—zealous,
But too well known—too much the *elder* brother!
Mauprat—alas—it is his wedding-day!—
François?—the Man of Men!—unnoted—young—
Ambitious—(*goes to the door*)—François!

Enter François.

RICHELIEU.

Follow this fair lady:
(Find him the suiting garments, Marion,) take
My fleetest steed:—arm thyself to the teeth;
A packet will be given you—with orders,
No matter what!—The instant that your hand
Closes upon it—clutch *it*, like your honour,
Which Death alone can steal, or ravish—set
Spurs to your steed—be breathless, till you stand
Again before me.—Stay, Sir!—You will find me
Two short leagues hence—at Ruelle, in my castle.
Young man, be blithe!—for—note me—from the hour
I grasp that packet—think your guardian Star
Rains fortune on you!

FRANÇOIS.

If I fail—

RICHELIEU.

Fail—fail?
In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word

As—*fail!*—(You will instruct him further, Marion)
Follow her—but at distance;—speak not to her,
Till you are housed;—Farewell, boy! Never say
"*Fail*" again.

FRANÇOIS.

I will not!

RICHELIEU (*patting his locks*).

There's my young hero!—

[*Exeunt François—Marion.*

RICHELIEU.

So, they would seize my person in this palace?—
I cannot guess their scheme:—but my retinue
Is here too large!—a single traitor could
Strike impotent the faith of thousands;—Joseph,
Art sure of Huguet?—Think—we hang'd his Father!

JOSEPH.

But you have bought the Son;—heap'd favours on him!

RICHELIEU.

Trash!—favours past—that's nothing.—In his hours
Of confidence with you, has he named the favours
To *come*—he counts on?

JOSEPH.

Yes:—a Colonel's rank,
And Letters of Nobility.

RICHELIEU.

What, Huguet!—

(*Here Huguet enters, as to address the Cardinal, who does not perceive him.*)

HUGUET.

My own name, soft—(*glides behind the screen!*)

RICHELIEU.

Colonel and Nobleman!
My bashful Huguet—that can never be!—
We have him not the less—we'll *promise it!*

And see the King withholds!—Ah, kings are oft
A great convenience to a minister!
No wrong to Huguet either!—Moralists
Say, Hope is sweeter than Possession!—Yes—
We'll count on Huguet! Favours *past* do gorge
Our dogs; leave service drowsy—dull the scent,
Slacken the speed;—favours *to come*, my Joseph,
Produce a lusty, hungry gratitude,
A ravenous zeal, that of the commonest cur
Would make a Cerberus.—You are right, this treason
Assumes a fearful aspect:—but once crush'd,
Its very ashes shall manure the soil
Of power; and ripen such full sheaves of greatness,
That all the summer of my fate shall seem
Fruitless beside the autumn!

(*Huguet holds up his hand menacingly, and creeps out.*)

JOSEPH.

The saints grant it!

RICHELIEU (*solemnly*).

Yes—for sweet France, Heaven grant it!—O my country,
For thee—thee only—though men deem it not—
Are toil and terror my familiars!—I
Have made thee great and fair—upon thy brows
Wreath'd the old Roman laurel:—at thy feet
Bow'd nations down.—No pulse in my ambition
Whose beatings were not measured from thy heart!
In the old times before us, patriots lived*
And died for liberty—

JOSEPH.

As you would live
And die for despotry—

RICHELIEU.

False monk, not so,
But for the purple and the power wherein
State clothes herself.—I love my native land
Not as Venetian, Englisher, or Swiss,
But as a Noble and a Priest of France;
"All things for France"—lo, my eternal maxim!
The vital axle of the restless wheels
That bear me on! With her, I have entwined

* Omitted, in representation, from l. 402 to 419.

My passions and my fate—my crimes, my virtues—
Hated and loved*, and schemed, and shed men's blood,
As the calm crafts of Tuscan Sages teach
Those who would make their country great. Beyond
The Map of France—my heart can travel not,
But fills that limit to its farthest verge;
And while I live—Richelieu and France are one.
We Priests, to whom the Church forbids in youth
The plighted one—to manhood's toil denies
The soother helpmate—from our wither'd age
Shuts the sweet blossoms of the second spring
That smiles in the name of Father—We are yet
Not holier than Humanity, and must
Fulfil Humanity's condition—Love!
Debarr'd the Actual, we but breathe a life
To the chill Marble of the Ideal—Thus,
In thy unseen and abstract Majesty,

* Richelieu did in fact so thoroughly associate himself with the State, that, in cases where the extreme penalty of the law had been incurred, Le Clerc justly observes that he was more inexorable to those he had favoured—even to his own connections—than to other and more indifferent offenders. It must be remembered as some excuse for his unrelenting sternness that, before his time, the great had been accustomed to commit any disorder with impunity—even the crime of treason, "auparavant on ne faisoit poser les armes aux rebelles qu'en leur accordant quelque récompense." On entering into the administration, he therefore laid it down as a maxim necessary to the existence of the State, that "no crime should be committed with impunity." To carry out this maxim, the long-established licence to crime made even justice seem cruel. But the victims most commiserated from their birth or accomplishments, as Montmorenci, or Cinq Mars, were traitors in actual conspiracy against their country, and would have forfeited life in any land where the punishment of death existed, and the lawgiver was strong enough to vindicate the law. Richelieu was in fact a patriot unsoftened by philanthropy. As in Venice (where the favourite aphorism was, Venice first,* Christianity next), so, with Richelieu, the primary consideration was, "what will be best for the Country?" He had no abstract principle, whether as a politician or a priest, when applied to the world that lay beyond the boundaries of France. Thus he, whose object was to found in France a splendid and imperious despotism—assisted the Parliamentary party in England, and signed a treaty of alliance and subsidies with the Catalan rebels for the establishment of a Republic in Barcelona;—to convulse other Monarchies was to consolidate the growing Monarchy of France.—So he, who completely crushed the Protestant party at home, braved all the wrath of the Vatican, and even the resentment of the King, in giving the most essential aid to the Protestants abroad. There was, indeed, a largeness of view in his hostility to the French Huguenots, which must be carefully distinguished from the intolerance of the mere priest. He opposed them, not as a Catholic, but as a Statesman. The Huguenots were strong republicans, and had formed plans for dividing France into provincial commonwealths; and the existence of Rochelle was absolutely incompatible with the integrity of the French Monarchy. It was a second capital held by the Huguenots, claiming independent authority, and the right to treat with Foreign Powers. Richelieu's final conquest was marked by a humanity, that had nothing of the bigot. The Huguenots obtained a complete amnesty, and had only to regret the loss of privileges and fortifications which could not have existed with any security to the rest of France.

* Pria Veneziana, poi Christiane."

My France—my Country, I have bodied forth
A thing to love. What are these robes of state,
This pomp, this palace? perishable baubles!
In this world two things only are immortal—
Fame and a People!

Enter Huguet.

HUGUET.

My Lord Cardinal,
Your Eminence bade me seek you at this hour.

RICHELIEU.

Did I?—True, Huguet.—So—you overheard
Strange talk amongst these gallants? Snares and traps
For Richelieu?—Well—we'll balk them; let me think—
The men at arms you head—how many?

HUGUET.

Twenty,*
My Lord.

RICHELIEU.

All trusty?

HUGUET.

Yes, for ordinary
Occasions—if for great ones, I would change
Three-fourths at least.

RICHELIEU.

Ay, what are great occasions?

HUGUET.

Great bribes!

RICHELIEU (*to Joseph*).

Good lack, he knows some paragons
Superior to great bribes!

HUGUET.

True Gentlemen
Who have transgress'd the Laws—and value life
And lack not gold; your Eminence alone
Can grant them pardon. *Ergo* you can trust them!

* The guard attached to Richelieu's person was, in the first instance, fifty arquebussiers, afterwards increased to two companies of cavalry and two hundred musqueteers. Huguet is, therefore, to be considered merely as the lieutenant of a small detachment of this little army. In point of fact, the subdivisions of the guard took it in turns to serve.

RICHELIEU.

Logic !—So be it—let this *honest* twenty
Be arm'd and mounted—(*aside.*) So they meet at midnight.
The attempt on me to-morrow—Ho ! we'll strike
Twixt wind and water.—(*Aloud.*) Does it need much time
To find these ornaments to Human Nature?

HUGUET.

My Lord—the trustiest of them are not birds
That love the daylight.—I do know a haunt
Where they meet nightly –

RICHELIEU.

Ere the dawn be grey,
All could be arm'd, assembled, and at Ruelle
In my old hall?

HUGUET.

By one hour after midnight.

RICHELIEU.

The castle's strong. You know its outlets, Huguet?
Would twenty men, well posted, keep such guard
That not one step—(and Murther's step is stealthy)—
Could glide within—unseen?

HUGUET.

A triple wall—
A drawbridge and portcullis—twenty men
Under my lead, a month might hold that castle
Against a host.

RICHELIEU.

They do not strike till morning,
Yet I will shift the quarter—Bid the grooms
Prepare the litter—I will hence to Ruelle
While daylight last—and one hour after midnight
You and your twenty saints shall seek me thither!
You're made to rise !—You are, Sir;—eyes of lynx,
Ears of the stag, a footfall like the snow;

You are a valiant fellow;—yea, a trusty,
Religious, exemplary, incorrupt,
And precious jewel of a fellow, Huguet!
If I live long enough,—ay, mark my words——
If I live long enough, you'll be a Colonel—
Noble perhaps!—One hour, Sir, after midnight.

HUGUET.

You leave me dumb with gratitude, my Lord;
I'll pick the trustiest (*aside*) Marion's house can furnish!

[*Exit Huguet.*

RICHELIEU.

How like a spider shall I sit in my hole,
And watch the meshes tremble.

JOSEPH.

But, my Lord,
Were it not wiser still to man the palace,
And seize the traitors in the act?

RICHELIEU.

No; Louis,
Long chafed against me—Julie stolen from him,
Will rouse him more.—He'll say I hatch'd the treason,
Or scout my charge:—He half desires my death;
But the despatch to Bouillon, some dark scheme
Against *his* crown—*there* is our weapon, Joseph!
With that all safe—without it, all is peril!
Meanwhile to my old castle; *you* to court,
Diving with careless eyes into men's hearts,
As ghostly churchmen should do! See the King,
Bid him peruse that sage and holy treatise,
Wherein 'tis set forth how a Premier should
Be chosen from the Priesthood—how the King
Should never listen to a single charge
Against his servant, nor conceal one whisper
That the rank envies of a court distil
Into his ear—to fester the fair name
Of my—I mean his Minister!—Oh! Joseph,

A most convincing treatise.*

GOOD—all favours,
If François be but bold, and Huguet honest.—
Huguet—I half suspect—he bow'd too low—
'Tis not his way.

JOSEPH.

This is the curse, my Lord,
Of your high state;—suspicion of all men.

RICHELIEU (*sadly*).

True;—true;—my leeches bribed to poisoners;—pages
To strangle me in sleep.—My very King
(This brain the unresting loom, from which was woven
The purple of his greatness) leagued against me.
Old—childless—friendless—broken—all forsake—
All—all—but—

JOSEPH.

What?

RICHELIEU.

The indomitable heart
Of Armand Richelieu!

JOSEPH.

Nought beside?

RICHELIEU.

Why, Julie,
My own dear foster-child, forgive me!—yes;
This morning, shining through their happy tears,
Thy soft eyes bless'd me!—and thy Lord,—in danger
He would forsake me not.

JOSEPH.

And Joseph——

* This tract, on the "Unity of the Minister," contains all the doctrines, and many more to the same effect, referred to in the text, and had a prodigious influence on the conscience of the poor king. At the onset of his career, Richelieu, as deputy of the clergy of Poitou, complained in his harangue to the king that ecclesiastics were too rarely summoned to the royal councils, and invoked the example of the Druids!

RICHELIEU (*after a pause*).

You——
Yes, I believe you—yes—for all men fear you—
And the world loves you not.—And I, friend Joseph,
I am the only man, who could, my Joseph,
Make you a Bishop.*—Come, we'll go to dinner,
And talk the while of methods to advance
Our Mother Church.†—Ah, Joseph,—*Bishop Joseph!*

* Joseph's ambition was not, however, so moderate; he refused a bishopric, and desired the Cardinal's Hat, for which favour Richelieu openly supplicated the Holy See, but contrived somehow or other never to effect it, although two ambassadors applied for it at Rome.

† The peculiar religion of Père Joseph may be illustrated by the following anecdote:—An officer, whom he had dismissed upon an expedition into Germany, moved by conscience at the orders he had received, returned for farther explanations, and found the Capucin *disant sa messe*. He approached and whispered "But, my father, if these people defend themselves—" "Kill all" (Qu'on tue tout), answered the good father, continuing his devotions.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

Second Day (Midnight).

SCENE I.

Richelieu's Castle at Ruelle.—A Gothic chamber—Moonlight at the window, occasionally obscured.

RICHELIEU (*reading*).*

"In silence, and at night, the Conscience feels
That life should soar to nobler ends than Power."
So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist!
But wert thou tried?—Sublime Philosophy,
Thou art the Patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
And bright with beck'ning angels—but, alas!
We see thee, like the Patriarch, but in dreams,
By the first step—dull-slumbering on the earth.
I am not happy!—with the Titan's lust
I woo'd a goddess, and I clasp a cloud.
When I am dust, my name shall, like a star,
Shine through wan space, a glory—and a prophet
Whereby pale seers shall from their aëry towers
Con all the ominous signs, benign or evil,
That make the potent astrologue of kings.
But shall the Future judge me by the ends
That I have wrought—or by the dubious means
Through which the stream of my renown hath run
Into the many-voiced unfathomed Time?
Foul in its bed lie weeds—and heaps of slime,
And with its waves—when sparkling in the sun,
Oft times the secret rivulets that swell
Its might of waters—blend the hues of blood.
Yet are my sins not those of CIRCUMSTANCE,

* I need not say that the great length of this soliloquy adapts it only for the closet, and that but few of the lines are preserved on the stage. To the reader, however, the passages omitted in representation will not, perhaps, be the most uninteresting in the play, and may be deemed necessary to the completion of the Cardinal's portrait,—action on the stage supplying so subtly the place of words in the closet. The self-assured sophistries which, in the text, mingle with Richelieu's better-founded arguments in apology for the darker traits of his character, are to be found scattered throughout the writings ascribed to him. The reader will observe that in this self-confession lies the latent poetical justice,—which separates happiness from success.—[Lines retained on the stage from 28 to 40.]

That all-pervading atmosphere, wherein
Our spirits, like the unsteady lizard, take
The tints that colour, and the food that nurtures?
O! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands
In the unvex'd silence of a student's cell;
Ye, whose untempted hearts have never toss'd
Upon the dark and stormy tides where life
Gives battle to the elements,—and man
Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose weight
Will bear but one—while round the desperate wretch
The hungry billows roar—and the fierce Fate,
Like some huge monster, dim-seen through the surf,
Waits him who drops;—ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the Great,
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!
History preserves only the fleshless bones
Of what we are—and by the mocking skull
The would-be wise pretend to guess the features!
Without the roundness and the glow of life
How hideous is the skeleton! Without
The colourings and humanities that clothe
Our errors, the anatomists of schools
Can make our memory hideous!
I have wrought
Great uses out of evil tools—and they
In the time to come may bask beneath the light
Which I have stolen from the angry gods,
And warn their sons against the glorious theft,
Forgetful of the darkness which it broke.
I have shed blood—but I have had no foes
Save those the State had*—if my wrath was deadly,
'Tis that I felt my country in my veins,
And smote her sons as Brutus smote his own.†
And yet I am not happy—blanch'd and sear'd
Before my time—breathing an air of hate,
And seeing daggers in the eyes of men,
And wasting powers that shake the thrones of earth
In contest with the insects—bearding kings
And braved by lackies‡—murder at my bed;

* It is well known that when, on his death-bed, Richelieu was asked if he forgave his enemies; he replied, "I never had any, but those of the State." And this was true enough, for Richelieu and the State were one.

† Richelieu's vindication of himself from cruelty will be found in various parts of Petitot's Collection, vols. xxi. xxx. (*bis.*)

‡ Voltaire has a striking passage on the singular fate of Richelieu, recalled every hour from his gigantic schemes to frustrate some miserable cabal of the

And lone amidst the multitudinous web,
With the dread Three—that are the Fates who hold
The woof and shears—the Monk, the Spy, the Headsman.
And this is Power! Alas! I am not happy.
(*After a pause.*)
And yet the Nile is fretted by the weeds
Its rising roots not up; but never yet
Did one least barrier by a ripple vex
My onward tide, unswept in sport away.
Am I so ruthless then that I do hate
Them who hate me? Tush, tush! I do not hate;
Nay, I forgive. The Statesman writes the doom,
But the Priest sends the blessing. I forgive them,
But I destroy; forgiveness is mine own,
Destruction is the State's! For private life,
Scripture the guide—for public, Machiavel.
Would Fortune serve me if the Heaven were wroth?
For chance makes half my greatness. I was born
Beneath the aspect of a bright-eyed star,
And my triumphant adamant of soul
Is but the fix'd persuasion of success.
Ah!—here!—that spasm!—again!—How Life and Death
Do wrestle for me momently!—And yet
The King looks pale. I shall outlive the King!
And then, thou insolent Austrian—who didst gibe
At the ungainly, gaunt, and daring lover,*
Sleeking thy looks to silken Buckingham,—
Thou shalt—no matter!—I have outlived love.
O! beautiful—all golden—gentle Youth!
Making thy palace in the careless front
And hopeful eye of man—ere yet the soul
Hath lost the memories which (so Plato dream'd)

ante-room. Richelieu would often exclaim, that "Six pieds de terre (as he called the king's cabinet) lui donnaient plus de peine que tout le reste de l'Europe." The death of Wallenstein, sacrificed by the Emperor Ferdinand, produced a most lively impression upon Richelieu. He found many traits of comparison between Ferdinand and Louis—Wallenstein and himself. In the Memoirs—now regarded by the best authorities as written by his sanction, and in great part by himself—the great Frenchman bursts (when alluding to Wallenstein's murder) into a touching and pathetic anathema on the *misère de cette vie* of dependence on jealous and timid royalty, which he himself, while he wrote, sustained. It is worthy of remark, that it was precisely at the period of Wallenstein's death that Richelieu obtained from the king an augmentation of his guard.

* Richelieu was commonly supposed, though I cannot say I find much evidence for it, to have been too presuming in an interview with Anne of Austria (the Queen), and to have bitterly resented the contempt she expressed for him. The Duke of Buckingham's frantic and Quixotic passion for the Queen is well known.

Breath'd glory from the earlier star it dwelt in—
O! for one gale from thine exulting morning,
Stirring amidst the roses, where of old
Love shook the dew-drops from his glancing hair!
Could I recall the past—or had not set
The prodigal treasures of the bankrupt soul
In one slight bark upon the shoreless sea;
The yoked steer, after his day of toil,
Forgets the goad and rests—to me alike
Or day or night—Ambition has no rest!
Shall I resign—who can resign himself?
For custom is ourself;—as drink and food
Become our bone and flesh—the aliments
Nurturing our nobler part, the mind—thoughts, dreams,
Passions, and aims, in the revolving cycle
Of the great alchemy—at length are made
Our mind itself; and yet the sweets of leisure—
An honour'd home—far from these base intrigues—
An eyrie on the heaven-kiss'd heights of wisdom—
(*Taking up the book.*)
Speak to me, moralist!—I'll heed thy counsel.
Were it not best——
(*Enter François hastily, and in part disguised.*)

RICHELIEU (*flinging away the book*).

Philosophy, thou liest!
Quick—the despatch!—Power—Empire! Boy—the packet!

FRANCOIS.

Kill me, my Lord.

RICHELIEU.

They knew thee—they suspected—
They gave it not——

FRANCOIS.

He gave it—*he*—the Count
De Baradas—with his own hand he gave it!

RICHELIEU.

Baradas. Joy! out with it!

FRANCOIS.

Listen,
And then dismiss me to the headsmen.

RICHELIEU.

Ha!
Go on.

FRANCOIS.

They led me to a chamber—There
Orleans and Baradas—and some half-score,
Whom I know not—were met——

RICHELIEU.

Not more!

FRANCOIS.

But from
The 'adjoining chamber broke the din of voices,
The clattering tread of armed men;—at times
A shriller cry, that yell'd out, "Death to Richelieu!"

RICHELIEU.

Speak not of *me:* thy *country* is in danger!
The 'adjoining room—So, so—a *separate* treason!
The one thy ruin, France!—the meaner crime,
Left to their tools, my murder!—

FRANCOIS.

Baradas
Questioned me close—demurr'd—until, at last,
O'erruled by Orleans,—gave the packet—told me
That life and death were in the scroll—this gold—

RICHELIEU.

Gold is no proof—

FRANCOIS.

And Orleans promised thousands,
When Bouillon's trumpets in the streets of Paris
Rang out shrill answer;—hastening from the house,
My footstep in the stirrup, Marion stole
Across the threshold, whispering "Lose no moment,
Ere Richelieu have the packet: tell him too—
Murder is in the winds of Night, and Orleans
Swears, ere the dawn the Cardinal shall be clay."
She said, and trembling fled within; when, lo!
A hand of iron griped me; thro' the dark
Gleam'd the dim shadow of an armed man:
Ere I could draw—the prize was wrested from me,
And a hoarse voice gasp'd—"Spy, I spare thee, for
This steel is virgin to thy Lord!"—with that
He vanish'd.—Scared and trembling for thy safety,
I mounted, fled, and, kneeling at thy feet,

Implore thee to acquit my faith—but not,
Like him, to spare my life.—

RICHELIEU.

Who spake of *life?*
I bade thee grasp that treasure as thine *honour*—
A jewel worth whole hecatombs of lives!
Begone—redeem thine honour—back to Marion—
Or Baradas—or Orleans—track the robber—
Regain the packet—or crawl on to Age—
Age and grey hairs like mine—and know, thou hast lost
That which had made thee great and saved thy country.—
See me not till thou'st bought the right to seek me.—
Away!—Nay, cheer thee—thou hast not fail'd yet,—
There's no such word as "fail!"

FRANCOIS.

Bless you, my Lord,
For that one smile!—I'll wear it on my heart
To light me back to triumph.* (*Exit.*)

RICHELIEU.

The poor youth!
An elder had ask'd life!—I love the young!
For as great men live not in their own time,
But the next race,—so in the young, my soul
Makes many Richelieus.—He will win it yet.
François!—He's gone. My murder! Marion's warning!
This bravo's threat! O for the morrow's dawn!—
I'll set my spies to work—I'll make all space
(As does the sun) an Universal Eye—
Huguet shall track—Joseph confess—ha! ha!—
Strange, while I laugh'd I shudder'd, and ev'n now
Thro' the chill air the beating of my heart
Sounds like a death-watch by a sick man's pillow;
If Huguet *could* deceive me—hoofs without—
The gates unclose—steps near and nearer!

(*Enter Julie.*)

JULIE.

Cardinal!
My father! (*falls at his feet*).

* The fear and the hatred which Richelieu generally inspired were not shared by his dependants and those about his person, who are said "to have adored him."—Ses domestiques le regardaient comme le meilleur des maitres.—Le Clerc. In fact, although *il étoit orgueilleux et colère*,—he was, *en même temps, affable et plein de douceur dans l'abord*; and he was no less generous to those who served than severe to those who opposed him.

RICHELIEU.

Julie at this hour!—and tears!
What ails thee?

JULIE.

I am safe; I am with thee!—

RICHELIEU.

Safe! why in all the storms of this wild world
What wind would mar the violet?

JULIE.

That man—
Why did I love him?—clinging to a breast
That knows no shelter?
Listen—late at noon—
The marriage-day—ev'n then no more a lover—
He left me coldly,—well,—I sought my chamber
To weep and wonder—but to hope and dream.
Sudden a mandate from the king—to attend
Forthwith his pleasure at the Louvre.

RICHELIEU.

Ha!—
You did obey the summons; and the king
Reproach'd your hasty nuptials.—

JULIE.

Were that all!
He frown'd and chid;—proclaim'd the bond unlawful:
Bade me not quit my chamber in the palace,
And there at night—alone—this night—all still—
He sought my presence—dared—thou read'st the heart,
Read mine!—I cannot speak it!

RICHELIEU.

He a king,—
You—woman; well,—you yielded!

JULIE.

Cardinal—
Dare you say "yielded?"—Humbled and abash'd,
He from the chamber crept—this mighty Louis;
Crept like a baffled felon!—yielded! Ah!
More royalty in woman's honest heart
Than dwells within the crowned majesty
And sceptred anger of a hundred kings!
Yielded!—Heavens!—yielded;

RICHELIEU.

To my breast,—close—close!
The world would never need a Richelieu, if
Men—bearded, mailed men—the Lords of Earth—
Resisted flattery, falsehood, avarice, pride,
As this poor child with the dove's innocent scorn
Her sex's tempters, Vanity and Power!—
He left you—well!

JULIE.

Then came a sharper trial!
At the king's suit the Count de Baradas
Sought me to soothe, to fawn, to flatter, while
On his smooth lip insult appear'd more hateful
For the false mask of pity: letting fall
Dark hints of treachery, with a world of sighs
That heaven had granted to so base a Lord
The heart whose coldest friendship were to him
What Mexico to misers! Stung at last
By my disdain, the dim and glimmering sense
Of his cloak'd words broke into bolder light,
And THEN—ah! then, my haughty spirit fail'd me!
Then I was weak—wept—oh! such bitter tears!
For (turn thy face aside, and let me whisper
The horror to thine ear) then did I learn
That he—that Adrien—that my husband—knew
The king's polluting suit, and deemed it *honour!*
Then all the terrible and loathsome truth
Glared on me;—coldness—waywardness—reserve—
Mystery of looks—words—all unravell'd,—and
I saw the impostor, where I ha loved the God!—

RICHELIEU.

I think thou wrong'st thy husband—but proceed.

JULIE.

Did you say "wrong'd" him?—Cardinal, my father,
Did you say "wrong'd?" Prove it, and life shall grow
One prayer for thy reward and his forgiveness.

RICHELIEU.

Let me know all.

JULIE.

To the despair he caused
The courtier left me; but amid the chaos
Darted one guiding ray—to 'scape—to fly—

Reach Adrien, learn the worst—'twas then near midnight:
Trembling I left my chamber—sought the queen—
Fell at her feet—reveal'd the unholy peril—
Implored her aid to flee our joint disgrace.
Moved, she embraced and soothed me; nay, preserved;
Her word sufficed to unlock the palace-gates:
I hasten'd home—but home was desolate,—
No Adrien there! Fearing the worst, I fled
To thee, directed hither. As my wheels
Paused at thy gates—the clang of arms behind—
The ring of hoofs—

RICHELIEU.

'Twas but my guards, fair trembler.
(So Huguet keeps his word, my omens wrong'd him.)

JULIE.

Oh, in one hour what years of anguish crowd!

RICHELIEU.

Nay, there's no danger now. Thou needest rest.
Come, thou shalt lodge beside me. Tush! be cheer'd,
My rosiest Amazon—thou wrong'st thy Theseus.
All will be well—yes, yet all well.

[*Exeunt through a side door.*

SCENE II.

Enter HUGUET—DE MAUPRAT, *in complete armour, his vizor down.*

(*The moonlight obscured at the casement.*)

HUGUET.

Not here!

DE MAUPRAT.

Oh, I will find him, fear not. Hence, and guard
The galleries where the menials sleep—plant sentries
At every outlet—Chance should throw no shadow
Between the vengeance and the victim! Go!—
Ere yon brief vapour that obscures the moon,
As doth our deed pale conscience, pass away,
The mighty shall be ashes.

HUGUET.

Will you not
A second arm?

DE MAUPRAT.

To slay one weak old man?—
Away! No lesser wrongs than mine can make
This murder lawful.—Hence!

HUGUET.

A short farewell!

[*Exit* HUGUET.

Re-enter RICHELIEU (*not perceiving* DE MAUPRAT).

RICHELIEU.

How heavy is the air!—the vestal lamp
Of the sad Moon, weary with vigil, dies
In the still temple of the solemn heaven!
The very darkness lends itself to fear—
To treason—

DE MAUPRAT.

And to death!

RICHELIEU.

My omens lied not!
What art thou, wretch?

DE MAUPRAT.

Thy doomsman!

RICHELIEU.

Ho, my guards!
Huguet! Montbrassil! Vermont!

DE MAUPRAT.

Ay, thy spirits
Forsake thee, wizard; thy bold men of mail
Are *my confederates*. Stir not! but one step,
And know the next—thy grave!

RICHELIEU.

Thou liest, knave!
I am old, infirm—most feeble—but thou liest!
Armand de Richelieu dies not by the hand
Of man—the stars have said it*—and the voice

* In common with his contemporaries, Richelieu was credulous in astrology less lawful arts. He was too fortunate a man not to be superstitious.

Of my own prophet and oracular soul
Confirms the shining Sibyls! Call them all—
Thy brother butchers! Earth has no such fiend—
No! as one parricide of his father-land,
Who dares in Richelieu murder France!

DE MAUPRAT.

Thy stars
Deceive thee, Cardinal; thy soul of wiles
May against kings and armaments avail,
And mock the embattled world; but powerless now
Against the sword of one resolved man,
Upon whose forehead thou hast written shame!

RICHELIEU.

I breathe;—he is not a hireling. Have I wronged thee?
Beware surmise—suspicion—lies! I am
Too great for men to speak the truth of me!

DE MAUPRAT.

Thy *acts* are thy accusers, Cardinal!
In his hot youth, a soldier, urged to crime
Against the State, placed in your hands his life;—
You did not strike the blow—but, o'er his head,
Upon the gossamer thread of your caprice,
Hovered the axe.—His the brave spirit's hell,
The twilight terror of suspense;—your death
Had set him free:—he purposed not, nor prayed it.
One day you summoned—mocked him with smooth pardon—
Showered wealth upon him—bade an Angel's face
Turn Earth to Paradise——

RICHELIEU.

Well!

DE MAUPRAT.

Was this mercy?
A Cæsar's generous vengeance?—Cardinal, no!
Judas, not Cæsar, was the model! You
Saved him from death for shame; reserved to grow
The scorn of living men—to his dead sires
Leprous reproach—scoff of the age to come—
A kind convenience—a Sir Pandarus
To his own bride, and the august adulterer!
Then did the first great law of human hearts,
Which with the patriot's, not the rebel's, name

Crowned the first Brutus, when the Tarquin fell,
Make Misery royal—raise this desperate wretch
Into thy destiny! Expect no mercy!
Behold De Mauprat!

(*Lifts his vizor.*)

RICHELIEU.

To thy knees, and crawl
For pardon; or, I tell thee, thou shalt live
For such remorse, that, did I hate thee, I
Would bid thee strike, that I might be avenged!—
It was to save my Julie from the King,
That in thy valour I forgave thy crime;—
It was, when thou—the rash and ready tool—
Yea, of that shame thou loath'st—did'st leave thy hearth
To the polluter—in these arms thy bride
Found the protecting shelter thine withheld.

(*Goes to the side door.*)

Julie de Mauprat—Julie!

Enter Julie.

Lo! my witness!

DE MAUPRAT.

What marvel's this?—I dream! My Julie—*thou!*
This, thy beloved hand?

JULIE.

Henceforth all bond
Between us twain is broken. Were it not
For this old man, I might, in truth, have lost
The right—now mine—to scorn thee!

RICHELIEU.

So, you hear her?

DE MAUPRAT.

Thou with some slander hast her sense infected!

JULIE.

No, Sir: he did excuse thee in despite
Of all that wears the face of truth. Thy *friend*—
Thy *confidant*—familiar—*Baradas*—
Himself revealed thy baseness,

DE MAUPRAT.

Baseness!

RICHELIEU.

Ay;
That *thou* didst *court* dishonour.

DE MAUPRAT.

Baradas!
Where is thy thunder, Heaven?—Duped!—snared!—undone!
Thou—thou could'st not believe him! Thou dost love me!
Love cannot feed on falsehoods!

JULIE (*aside*).

Love him!—Ah!
Be still, my heart! Love you I did:—how fondly,
Woman—if women were my listeners now—
Alone could tell!—For ever fled my dream:
Farewell—all's over!

RICHELIEU.

Nay, my daughter, these
Are but the blinding mists of day-break love
Sprung from its very light, and heralding
A noon of happy summer.—Take her hand
And speak the truth, with which your heart runs over—
That this Count Judas—this Incarnate Falsehood—
Never lied more, than when he told thy Julie
That Adrien loved her not—except, indeed,
When he told Adrien, Julie could betray him.

JULIE (*embracing De Mauprat*).

You love me, then!—you love me!—and they wrong'd you!

DE MAUPRAT.

Ah! could'st thou doubt it?

RICHELIEU.

Why, the very mole
Less blind than thou! Baradas loves thy wife;—
Had hoped her hand—aspired to be that cloak
To the king's will, which to thy bluntness seems
The Centaur's poisonous robe—hopes even now
To make thy corpse his footstool to thy bed!
Where was thy wit, man?—Ho! these schemes are glass!
The very sun shines through them.

DE MAUPRAT.

O, my Lord,
Can you forgive you?

RICHELIEU.

Ay, and save you!

DE MAUPRAT.

Save!—

Terrible word!—O, save *thyself*:—these halls
Swarm with thy foes: already for thy blood
Pants thirsty Murder!

JULIE.

Murder!

RICHELIEU.

Hush! put by
The woman. Hush! a shriek—a cry—a breath
Too loud, would startle from its horrent pause
The swooping Death! Go to the door, and listen!—
Now for escape!

DE MAUPRAT.

None—none! Their blades shall pass
This heart to thine.

RICHELIEU (*drily*).

An honourable outwork,
But much too near the citadel. I think
That I can trust you now (*slowly, and gazing on him*):—yes;
I can trust you.
How many of my troop league with you?

DE MAUPRAT.

All!—
We *are* your troop!

RICHELIEU.

And Huguet?—

DE MAUPRAT.

Is our captain.

RICHELIEU.

A retribution Power!—This comes of spies!
All? then the lion's skin too short to-night,—
Now for the fox's!—

JULIE.

A hoarse, gathering murmur!—
Hurrying and heavy footsteps!—

RICHELIEU.

Ha!—the posterns?

DE MAUPRAT.

No egress where no sentry!

RICHELIEU.

Follow me—
I have it!—to my chamber—quick! Come, Julie!
Hush! Mauprat, come!

Murmur at a distance—Death to the Cardinal!

RICHELIEU.

Bloodhounds, I laugh at ye!—ha! ha!—we will
Baffle them yet.—Ha!—ha!

Exeunt Julie, Mauprat, Richelieu.

HUGUET (*without*).

This way—this way!

SCENE III.

Enter Huguet and the Conspirators.

HUGUET.

De Mauprat's hand is never slow in battle;—
Strange, if it falter now! Ha! gone!

FIRST CONSPIRATOR.

Perchance
The fox had crept to rest; and to his lair
Death, the dark hunter, tracks him.

Enter Mauprat (throwing open the doors of the recess, in which a bed, whereon Richelieu lies extended.)

MAUPRAT.

Live the King!
Richelieu is dead!

HUGUET (*advancing towards the recess;* MAUPRAT *following, his hand on his dagger*).

Are his eyes open?

DE MAUPRAT.

Ay.
As if in life!

HUGUET (*turning back*).

I will not look on him.
You have been long.

DE MAUPRAT.

I watch'd him till he slept.
Heed me.—No trace of blood reveals the deed;—
Strangled in sleep. His health hath long been broken—
Found breathless in his bed. So runs our tale,
Remember! Back to Paris—Orleans gives
Ten thousand crowns, and Baradas a lordship,
To him who first gluts vengeance with the news
That Richelieu is in heaven! Quick, that all France
May share your joy!

HUGUET.

And you?

DE MAUPRAT.

Will stay, to crush
Eager suspicion—to forbid sharp eyes
To dwell too closely on the clay; prepare
The rites, and place him on his bier—this *my* task.
I leave to you, sirs, the more grateful lot
Of wealth and honours. Hence!

HUGUET.

I shall be noble!

DE MAUPRAT.

Away!

FIRST CONSPIRATOR.

Five thousand crowns!

OMNES.

To horse!—to horse!

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*

SCENE IV.

Still night.—A room in the house of Count De Baradas, lighted, &c.

Orleans, De Beringhen.

DE BERINGHEN.

I understand. Mauprat kept guard without:
Knows nought of the despatch—but heads the troop
Whom the poor Cardinal fancies his protectors.
Save us from such protection!

ORLEANS.

Yet, if Huguet,
By whose advice and proffers we renounced
Our earlier scheme, should still be Richelieu's minion,
And play us false—

DE BERINGHEN.

The fox must then devour
The geese he gripes, (I'm out of it, thank Heaven!)
And you must swear you smelt the trick, but seem'd
To approve the deed—to render up the doers.

Enter BARADAS.

BARADAS.

Julie is fled:—the King, whom now I left
To a most thorny pillow, vows revenge
On her—on Mauprat—and on Richelieu! Well;
We loyal men anticipate his wish
Upon the last—and as for Mauprat,—

(*Showing a writ.*)

DE BERINGHEN.

Hum!
They say the devil invented printing! Faith,
He has some hand in writing parchment—eh, Count?
What mischief now?

BARADAS.

The King, at Julie's flight
Enraged, will brook no rival in a subject—
So on this old offence—the affair of Faviaux—
Ere Mauprat can tell tales of *us*, we build
His bridge between the dungeon and the grave.

ORLEANS.

Well; if our courier can but reach the army,
The cards are ours!—and yet, I own, I tremble.
Our names are in the scroll—discovery, death!

BARADAS.

Success, a crown!

DE BERINGHEN (*apart to Baradas*).

Our future regent is
No hero.

BARADAS (*to De Beringhen*).

But his rank makes others valiant;
And on his cowardice I mount to power.
Were Orleans Regent—what were Baradas?
Oh! by the way—I had forgot, your highness,
Friend Huguet whisper'd me, "Beware of Marion:
I've seen her lurking near the Cardinal's palace."
Upon that hint—I've found her lodgings elsewhere.

ORLEANS.

You wrong her, Count:—Poor Marion!—she adores me.

BARADAS (*apologetically*).

Forgive me, but——

Enter Page.

PAGE.

My Lord, a rude, strange soldier,
Breathless with haste, demands an audience.

BARADAS.

—So!
The archers?

PAGE.

In the ante-room, my Lord,
As you desired.

BARADAS.

'Tis well—admit the soldier.

[*Exit Page.*

Huguet! I bade him seek me here!

Enter Huguet.

HUGUET.

My Lords,
The deed is done. Now, Count, fulfil your word,
And make me noble!

BARADAS.

Richelieu dead?—art sure?
How died he?

HUGUET.

Strangled in his sleep:—no blood,
No tell-tale violence.

BARADAS.

Strangled? monstrous villain!
Reward for murder! Ho, there!
[*Stamping.*

Enter Captain, with five Archers.

HUGUET.

No, thou durst not!

BARADAS.

Seize on the ruffian—bind him—gag him! Off
To the Bastile!

HUGUET.

Your word—your plighted faith!

BARADAS.

Insolent liar!—ho, away!

HUGUET.

Nay, Count;
I have that about me, which——

BARADAS.

Away with him!
[*Exeunt Huguet and Archers.*
Now, then, all's safe; Huguet must die in prison,
So Mauprat:—coax or force the meaner crew
To fly the country. Ha, ha! thus, your highness,
Great men make use of little men.

DE BERINGHEN.

My Lords,
Since our suspense is ended—you'll excuse me;
'Tis late—and, *entre nous*, I have not supp'd yet!
I'm one of the new Council now, remember;
I feel the public stirring here already;
A very craving monster. *Au revoir!*
[*Exit de Beringhen.*

ORLEANS.

No fear, now Richelieu's dead.

BARADAS.

And could he come
To life again, he could not keep life's life—
His power,—nor save De Mauprat from the scaffold,—
Nor Julie from these arms—nor Paris from
The Spaniard—nor your highness from the throne !
All ours! all ours ! in spite of my Lord Cardinal !

Enter Page.

PAGE.

A gentleman, my Lord, of better mien
Than he who last—

BARADAS.

Well, he may enter.

[*Exit Page.*

ORLEANS.

Who
Can this be?

BARADAS.

One of the conspirators:
Mauprat himself, perhaps.

Enter François.

FRANCOIS.

My Lord——

BARADAS.

Ha, traitor !
In Paris still?

FRANCOIS.

The packet—the despatch—
Some knave play'd spy without, and reft it from me,
Ere I could draw my sword.

BARADAS.

Play'd spy *without* !
Did he wear armour?

FRANCOIS.

Ay, from head to heel.

ORLEANS.

One of our band. Oh, heavens !

BARADAS.

Could it be Mauprat?
Kept guard at the *door*—knew *nought of the despatch*—
How HE?—and yet, who other?

FRANCOIS.

Ha, De Mauprat!
The night was dark—his vizor closed.

BARADAS.

'Twas he!
How could he guess?—'sdeath! if he should betray us.
His hate to Richelieu dies with Richelieu—and
He was not great enough for treason.—Hence!
Find Mauprat—beg, steal, filch, or force it back,
Or, as I live, the halter——

FRANCOIS.

By the morrow
I will regain it, (*aside*) and redeem my honour!
(*Exit* FRANCOIS.)

ORLEANS.

Oh! we are lost—

BARADAS.

Not so! But cause on cause
For Mauprat's seizure—silence—death! Take courage.

ORLEANS.

Should it once reach the King, the Cardinal's arm
Could smite us from the grave.

BARADAS.

Sir, think it not!
I hold De Mauprat in my grasp. To-morrow
And France is ours!—Thou dark and fallen Angel,
Whose name on earth's AMBITION—thou that mak'st
Thy throne on treasons, stratagems, and murder—
And with thy fierce and blood-red smile canst quench
The guiding stars of solemn empire—hear us—
(For we are thine)—and light us to the goal!

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

Third Day.

SCENE I.

The Gardens of the Louvre.—Orleans, Baradas, De Beringhen, Courtiers, &c.

ORLEANS.

How does my brother bear the Cardinal's death?

BARADAS.

With grief, when thinking of the toils of State;
With joy, when thinking on the eyes of Julie:—
At times he sighs, "Who now shall govern France?"
Anon exclaims—"Who now shall baffle Louis?"

(*Enter Louis and other Courtiers. They uncover.*)

ORLEANS.

Now, my liege, now, I can embrace a brother.

LOUIS.

Dear Gaston, yes.—I do believe you *love* me;—
Richelieu denied it—sever'd us too long.
A great man, Gaston! Who shall govern France?

BARADAS.

Yourself, my liege. That swart and potent star
Eclipsed your royal orb. He serv'd the country,
But did he *serve*, or seek to *sway* the *King*?

LOUIS.

You're right—he was an able politician *—
That's all:—between ourselves, Count, I suspect
The largeness of his learning—specially
In falcons†—a poor huntsman, too!

* Omitted in representation from line 13 to 66.

† Louis XIII. is said to have possessed some natural talents, and in earlier youth to have exhibited the germs of noble qualities; but a blight seems to have passed over his maturer life. Personally brave, but morally timid,—always governed, whether by his mother or his minister, and always repining at the yoke. The only affection amounting to a passion that he betrayed was for

BARADAS.

Ha—ha!
Your Majesty remembers—

LOUIS.

Ay, the blunder
Between the *greffier* and the *souillard* when—
(*Checks and crosses himself.*)
Alas! poor sinners that we are! we laugh
While this great man—a priest, a cardinal,
A faithful servant—out upon us!—

BARADAS.

Sire,
If my brow wear no cloud, 'tis that the Cardinal
No longer shades the King.

LOUIS (*looking up at the skies*).

Oh, Baradas!
Am I not to be pitied?—what a day
For—

BARADAS.

Sorrow?—No, sire!

LOUIS.

Bah! for *hunting*, man.
And Richelieu's dead; 'twould be an indecorum
Till he is buried—(*yawns*)—life is very tedious.
I made a madrigal on life last week:
You do not sing,* Count?—Pity; you should learn.
Poor Richelieu had no ear—yet a great man.
Ah! what a weary weight devolves upon me!
These endless wars—these thankless Parliaments—

the sports of the field; yet it was his craving weakness (and this throws a kind of false interest over his character,) to wish to be loved. He himself loved no one. He suffered the only woman who seems to have been attached to him to wither in a convent—he gave up favourite after favourite to exile or the block. When Richelieu died, he said coldly, "Voilà un grand politique mort!" and when the ill-fated but unprincipled Cinq Mars, whom he called le cher ami, was beheaded, he drew out his watch at the fatal hour, and said with a smile, "I think at this moment that le cher ami fait une vilaine mine." Nevertheless his conscience at times (for he was devout and superstitious) made him gentle, and his pride and his honour would often, when least expected, rouse him into haughty but brief resistance to the despotism under which he lived.

* Louis had some musical taste and accomplishment, wherewith he often communicated to his favourites some of that wearisome ennui under which he himself almost unceasingly languished.

The snares in which he tangled States and Kings,
Like the old fisher of the fable, Proteus,
Netting great Neptune's wariest tribes, and changing
Into all shapes when Craft pursued himself:
Oh, a great man!

BARADAS.

Your royal mother said so,
And died in exile.

LOUIS (*sadly*).

True: I loved my mother!*

BARADAS.

The Cardinal dies.—Yet day revives the earth;
The rivers run not back. In truth, my liege,
Did your high orb on others shine as him,
Why, things as dull in their own selves as I am
Would glow as brightly with the borrowed beam.†

LOUIS.

Ahem!—He was too stern.

ORLEANS.

A very Nero.

BARADAS.

His power was like the Capitol of old—
Built on a human skull.

LOUIS.

And, had he lived,
I know another head, my Baradas,

* One of Louis's most bitter complaints against Richelieu was the continued banishment of the Queen Mother. It is impossible, however, not to be convinced that the return of that most worthless intriguante was wholly incompatible with the tranquillity of the kingdom. Yet, on the other hand, the poverty and privation which she endured in exile, are discreditable to the generosity and the gratitude of Richelieu—she was his first patron, though afterwards his most powerful persecutor.

† In his Memoirs Richelieu gives an amusing account of the insolence and arts of Baradas, and observes, with indignant astonishment, that the favourite was never weary of repeating to the King that he (Baradas) would have made just as great a minister as Richelieu. It is on the attachment of Baradas to La Cressias, a maid of honour to the Queen Mother, of whom, according to Baradas, the King was enamoured also, that his love for the Julie de Mortemar of the play has been founded. The secret of Baradas' sudden and extraordinary influence with the King seems to rest in the personal adoration which he professed for Louis, with whom he affected all the jealousy of a lover, but whom he flattered with the ardent chivalry of a knight. Even after his disgrace he placed upon his banner, "Fiat voluntas tua."

That would have propp'd the pile: I've seen him eye thee
With a most hungry fancy.

BARADAS (*anxiously*).

Sire, I knew
You would protect me.

LOUIS.

Did you so: of course!
And yet he had a way with him—a something
That always——But no matter—he is dead.
And, after all, men called his King "The Just,"*
And so I am. Dear Count, this silliest Julie,
I know not why, she takes my fancy. Many
As fair, and certainly more kind; but yet
It is so. Count, I am no lustful Tarquin,
And do abhor the bold and frontless vices
Which the Church justly censures; yet, 'tis sad
On rainy days to drag out weary hours †—
Deaf to the music of a woman's voice—
Blind to the sunshine of a woman's eyes.
It is no sin in Kings to seek amusement;
And that is all I seek. I miss her much—
She has a silver laugh—a rare perfection.

BARADAS.

Richelieu was most disloyal in that marriage.

LOUIS (*querulously*).

He knew that Julie pleased me:—a clear proof
He never loved me!

BARADAS.

Oh, most clear!—But now
No bar between the lady and your will!
This writ makes all secure: a week or two
In the Bastile will sober Mauprat's love,
And leave him eager to dissolve a hymen
That brings him such a home.

* Louis was called The Just, but for no other reason than that he was born under the Libra.

† Louis XIII. did not resemble either his father or his son in the ardour of his attachments; if not wholly platonic, they were wholly unimpassioned: yet no man was more jealous, or more unscrupulously tyrannical when the jealousy was aroused.

LOUIS.

See to it, Count;

(*Exit Baradas.*)

I'll summon Julie back. A word with you.

(*Takes aside First Courtier and De Beringhen, and passes, conversing with them, through the gardens.*)

Enter Francois.

FRANCOIS.

All search, as yet, in vain for Mauprat!—Not
At home since yesternoon—a soldier told me
He saw him pass this way with hasty strides;
Should he meet Baradas—they'd rend it from him—
And then—benignant Fortune smiles upon me—
I am thy son!—if thou desert'st me now,
Come, Death and snatch me from disgrace. But, no,
There's a great Spirit ever in the air
That from prolific and far-spreading wings
Scatters the seeds of honour—yea, the walls
And moats of castled forts—the barren seas,
The cell wherein the pale-eyed student holds
Talk with melodious science—all are sown
With everlasting honours, if our souls
Will toil for fame as boors for bread—

(*Enter Mauprat.*)

MAUPRAT.

Oh, let me—
Let me but meet him foot to foot—I'll dig
The Judas from his heart;—albeit the King
Should o'er him cast the purple!

FRANCOIS.

Mauprat! hold:—
Where is the——

MAUPRAT.

Well! What would'st thou?

FRANCOIS.

The despatch!
The packet.—LOOK ON ME—I serve the Cardinal—
You know me.—Did you not keep guard last night
By Marion's house?

MAUPRAT.

I did:—no matter now!—
They told me, *he* was *here!*—

FRANCOIS.

O joy! quick—quick—
The packet thou didst wrest from me?

MAUPRAT.

The packet?—
What art thou he, I deem'd the Cardinal's spy
(Dupe that I was)— and overhearing Marion—

FRANCOIS.

The same—restore it!—haste!

MAUPRAT.

I have it not:—
Methought it but reveal'd our scheme to Richelieu,
And, as we mounted, gave it to——
(*Enter Baradas.*)
Stand back!
Now, villain! now—I have thee!
(*To François.*)—Hence, Sir!—*Draw!*

FRANCOIS.

Art mad?—the King's at hand! leave *him* to Richelieu!
Speak—the despatch—to whom—

MAUPRAT (*dashing him aside and rushing to Baradas*).

Thou triple slanderer!
I'll set my heel upon thy crest!
(*A few passes.*)

FRANCOIS.

Fly—fly!—
The King!—

Enter at one side Louis, Orleans, De Beringhen, Courtiers, &c.—at the other, the Guards hastily.

LOUIS.

Swords drawn—before our very palace!—
Have our laws died with Richelieu?

BARADAS.

Pardon, Sire,—
My crime but self-defence.* (*Aside to King.*) It is De Mauprat!

* One of Richelieu's severest and least politic laws was that which made duelling a capital crime. Never was the punishment against the offence more relentlessly enforced; and never were duels so desperate and so numerous. The punishment of death must be evidently ineffectual so long as to refuse a duel is to be dishonoured, and so long as men hold the doctrine, however wrong, that it is better to part with the life that Heaven gave than the honour man makes. In fact, the greater the danger he incurred, the greater was the punctilio of the cavalier of that time in braving it.

LOUIS.

Dare he thus brave us?

(*Baradas goes to the guard and gives the writ.*)

MAUPRAT.

Sire, in the Cardinal's name—

BARADAS.

Seize him—disarm—to the Bastile!

(*De Mauprat seized, struggles with the guard—François restlessly endeavouring to pacify and speak to him—when the gates open. Enter Richelieu—Joseph—followed by arquebussiers.*)

BARADAS.

The Dead

Return'd to life!

LOUIS.

What a *mock* death! this tops

The Infinite of Insult.

DE MAUPRAT (*breaking from the guards*).

Priest and Hero!—

For you are both—protect the truth!—

RICHELIEU (*taking the writ from the guard.*)

What's this?

DE BERINGHEN.

Fact in Philosophy. Foxes have got
Nine lives, as well as cats!—

BARADAS.

Be firm, my liege.

LOUIS.

I have assumed the sceptre—I will wield it!

JOSEPH.

The tide runs counter—there'll be shipwreck somewhere.

(*Baradas and Orleans keep close to the King—whispering and prompting him when Richelieu speaks.*)

RICHELIEU.

High treason—Faviaux! still that stale pretence!
My liege, bad men (ay, Count, most *knavish* men!)
Abuse your royal goodness.—For this soldier,
France hath none braver—and his youth's hot folly,
Misled—(by whom *your Highness* may conjecture!)—
Is long since cancell'd by a loyal manhood.—
I, Sire, have pardoned him.

LOUIS.

And we do give
Your pardon to the winds.—Sir, do your duty!

RICHELIEU.

What, Sire?—you do not know—Oh, pardon me—
You know not yet, that this brave, honest, heart
Stood between mine and murder!—Sire! for my sake—
For your old servant's sake—undo this wrong.
See, let me rend the sentence.

LOUIS.

At your peril!
This is too much:—Again, Sir, do your duty!

RICHELIEU.

Speak not, but go:—I would not see young Valour
So humbled as grey Service!

DE MAUPRAT.

Fare you well!
Save Julie, and console her.

FRANCOIS (*aside to Mauprat*).

The despatch!
Your fate, foes, life, hang on a word!—to whom?

DE MAUPRAT.

To Huguet.

FRANCOIS.

Hush—keep council!—silence—hope!
(*Exeunt Mauprat and Guard.*)

BARADAS (*aside to François*).

Has he the packet?

FRANCOIS.

He will not reveal—
(*Aside.*) Work, brain!—beat, heart!—"*There's no such word as fail.*"
(*Exit François.*)

RICHELIEU (*fiercely*).

Room, my Lords, room!—The minister of France
Can need no intercession with the King.
(*They fall back.*)

LOUIS.

What means this false report of death, Lord Cardinal?

RICHELIEU.

Are you then anger'd, Sire, that I live still?

LOUIS.

No; but such artifice—

RICHELIEU.

Not mine:—look elsewhere!
Louis—my castle swarm'd with the assassins.

BARADAS (*advancing*).

We have punish'd them already. Huguet now
In the Bastile.—Oh! my Lord, *we* were prompt
To avenge you—*we* were—

RICHELIEU.

WE?—Ha! ha! you hear,
My liege! What page, man, in the last court grammar
Made you a plural?—Count, you have seized the *hireling*:—
Sire, shall I name the *master*!

LOUIS.

Tush! my Lord,
The old contrivance:—ever does your wit
Invent assassins,—that ambition may
Slay rivals—

RICHELIEU.

Rivals, sire!—in what?
Service to France? *I have none!* Lives the man
Whom Europe, paled before your glory, deems
Rival to Armand Richelieu?

LOUIS.

What, so haughty!
Remember, he who made, can unmake.

RICHELIEU.

Never!
Never! Your anger can recall your trust,
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,
Rifle my coffers,—but my name—my deeds,
Are royal in a land beyond your sceptre!
Pass sentence on me, if you will; from Kings,
Lo, I appeal to Time! *Be just, my liege—
I found your kingdom rent with heresies
And bristling with rebellion; lawless nobles
And breadless serfs; England fomenting discord;
Austria—her clutch on your dominion; Spain
Forging the prodigal gold of either Ind
To armed thunderbolts. The Arts lay dead,
Trade rotted in your marts, your Armies mutinous,
Your Treasury bankrupt. Would you now revoke

* Omitted in representation, from "Be just," &c., line 167, to line 188.

Your trust, so be it! and I leave you, sole
Supremest Monarch of the mightiest realm,
From Ganges to the Icebergs:—Look without
No foe not humbled!—Look within; the Arts
Quit for your schools—their old Hesperides
The golden Italy! while through the veins
Of your vast empire flows in strengthening tides
TRADE, the calm health of nations!
Sire, I know
Your smoother courtiers please you best—nor measure
Myself with them,—yet sometimes I would doubt
If Statesmen rock'd and dandled into power
Could leave such legacies to kings!

(*Louis appears irresolute.*)

BARADAS (*passing him, whispers*).
But Julie,
Shall I not summon her to Court?

LOUIS (*motions to Baradas and turns haughtily to the Cardinal*).
Enough!
Your Eminence must excuse a longer audience.
To your own palace:—For our conference, this
Nor place—nor season.

RICHELIEU.
Good my liege, for *Justice*
All place a temple, and all season, summer!—
Do you deny me justice?—Saints of Heaven!
He turns from me!—*Do you deny me justice?*
For fifteen years, while in these hands dwelt Empire,
The humblest craftsman—the obscurest vassal—
The very leper shrinking from the sun,
Tho' loathed by Charity, might ask for justice!—
Not with the fawning tone and crawling mien
Of some I see around you—Counts and Princes—
Kneeling for *favours*;—but, erect and loud,
As men who ask man's rights!—my liege, my Louis,
Do you refuse me justice—audience even—
In the pale presence of the baffled Murther?*

* For the haughty and rebuking tone which Richelieu assumed in his expostulations with the King, see his Memoirs (passim) in Petitot's collection, vols. 22—30 (*bis*). Montesquieu, in one of his brilliant antitheses, says well of Richelieu, "Il avila le roi, mais il illustra le règne."

LOUIS.

Lord Cardinal—one by one you have sever'd from me
The bonds of human love. All near and dear
Mark'd out for vengeance—exile or the scaffold.
You find me now amidst my trustiest friends,
My closest kindred;—you would tear them from me;
They murder *you* forsooth, since *me* they love.
Eno' of plots and treasons for one reign!
Home!—Home! and sleep away these phantoms!

RICHELIEU.

Sire!
I——patience, Heaven!—sweet Heaven!—Sire, from the foot
Of that Great Throne, these hands have raised aloft
On an Olympus, looking down on mortals
And worshipp'd by their awe—before the foot
Of that high throne,—spurn you the grey-hair'd man,
Who gave you empire—and now sues for safety?

LOUIS.

No:—when we see your Eminence in truth
At the *foot* of the throne—we'll listen to you.
[*Exit Louis.*

ORLEANS.

Saved!

BARADAS.

For this deep thanks to Julie and to Mauprat!

RICHELIEU.

My Lord de Baradas—I pray your pardon—
You are to be my successor!—your hand, sir!

BARADAS (*aside*).

What can this mean?—

RICHELIEU.

It trembles, see! it trembles!
The hand that holds the destinies of nations
Ought to shake less!—poor Baradas!—poor France!

BARADAS.

Insolent——
[*Exeunt Baradas and Orleans.*

SCENE IV.

RICHELIEU.

Joseph—Did you hear the king?

JOSEPH.

I did—there's danger! Had you been less haughty*——

RICHELIEU.

And suffer'd slaves to chuckle—"see the Cardinal—
How meek his Eminence is to-day"—I tell thee
This is a strife in which the loftiest look
Is the most subtle armour——

JOSEPH.

But——

RICHELIEU.

No time
For ifs and buts. I will accuse these traitors!
François shall witness that De Baradas
Gave him the secret missive for De Bouillon,
And told him life and death were in the scroll.
I will—I will—

JOSEPH.

Tush! François is your creature;
So they will say, and laugh at you!—*your witness*
Must be that same Despatch.

RICHELIEU.

Away to Marion!

JOSEPH.

I have been there—she is seized—removed—imprison'd—
By the Count's orders.

* However "*orgueilleux*" and "*colère*" in his disputes with Louis, the Cardinal did not always disdain recourse to the arts of the courtier;—once, after an angry discussion with the king, in which, as usual, Richelieu got the better, Louis, as they quitted the palace together, said, rudely, "Sortez le premier; vous êtes bien le roi de France." "Si je passe le premier," replied the minister, after a moment's hesitation, and with great adroitness, "ce ne peut être que comme le plus humble de vos serviteurs;" and he took a flambeau from one of the pages, to light the king as he walked before him—"en reculant et sans tourner le dos."

RICHELIEU.

Goddess of bright dreams,
My Country—shalt thou lose me now, when most
Thou need'st thy worshipper? My native land!
Let me but ward this dagger from thy heart,
And die—but on thy bosom!

Enter JULIE.

JULIE.

Heaven! I thank thee!
I cannot be, or this all-powerful man
Would not stand idly thus.

RICHELIEU.

What dost *thou* here?
Home!

JULIE.

Home!—is *Adrien there?*—you're dumb—yet strive
For words; I see them trembling on your lip,
But choked by pity. It *was* truth—all truth!
Seized—the Bastile—and in your presence too!
Cardinal, where is Adrien? Think—he saved
Your life:—your name is infamy, if wrong
Should come to his!

RICHELIEU.

Be sooth'd, child.

JULIE.

Child no more;
I love, and I am woman! Hope and suffer—
Love, suffering, hope,—what else doth make the strength
And majesty of woman?—Where is Adrien?

RICHELIEU *to* JOSEPH.

Your youth was never young—you never loved:—
Speak to her—

JOSEPH.

Nay, take heed—the king's command,
'Tis true—I mean—the—

JULIE *to* RICHELIEU.

Let thine eyes meet mine;
Answer me but one word—I am a wife—
I ask thee for my *home*—my FATE—my ALL!
Where is my *husband?*

RICHELIEU.

You are Richelieu's ward,
A soldier's bride: they who insist on truth
Must out-face fear;—you ask me for your husband?
There—where the clouds of heaven look darkest, o'er
The domes of the Bastile!

JULIE.

I thank you, father,
You see I do not shudder. Heaven forgive you
The sin of this desertion!

RICHELIEU (*detaining her*).

Whither wouldst thou?

JULIE.

Stay me not. Fie! I should be there already.
I am thy ward, and haply he may think
Thou'st taught *me* also to forsake the wretched!

RICHELIEU.

I've fill'd those cells—with many—traitors all.
Had *they* wives too?—Thy memories, Power, are solemn!
Poor sufferer!—think'st thou that yon gates of woe
Unbar to love? Alas! if love once enter,
'Tis for the last farewell; between those walls
And the mute grave*—the blessed household sounds
Only heard once—while, hungering at the door,
The headsman whets the axe.

JULIE.

O, mercy! mercy!
Save him, restore him, father! Art thou not
The Cardinal-King?—the Lord of life and death—
Beneath whose light, as deeps beneath the moon,
The solemn tides of Empire ebb and flow?—
Art thou not Richelieu?

RICHELIEU.

Yesterday I was!—
To-day, a very weak old man!—To-morrow,
I know not what!

JULIE.

Do you conceive his meaning?
Alas! I cannot. But, methinks, my senses
Are duller than they were!

* Selon l'usage de Louis XIII., faire arrêter quelqu'un pour crime d'état, et le faire mourir, l'était à peu près le même chose.—*Le Clerc.*

JOSEPH.

The King is chafed
Against his servant. Lady, while we speak,
The lackey of the ante-room is not
More powerless than the Minister of France.

RICHELIEU.

And yet the air is still; Heaven wears no cloud;*
From Nature's silent orbit starts no portent
To warn the unconscious world;—albeit, this night
May with a morrow teem which, in my fall,
Would carry earthquake to remotest lands,
And change the Christian globe. What would'st thou, woman?
Thy fate and his, with mine, for good or ill,
Are woven threads. In my vast sum of life
Millions such units merge.

Enter First Courtier.

FIRST COURTIER.

Madame de Mauprat!
Pardon, your Eminence—even now I seek
This lady's home—commanded by the King
To pray her presence.

JULIE (*clinging to Richelieu*).

Think of my dead father!—
Think, how, an infant, clinging to your knees,
And looking to your eyes, the wrinkled care
Fled from your brow before the smile of childhood,
Fresh from the dews of heaven! Think of this,
And take me to your breast.

RICHELIEU.

To those who sent you!—
And say you found the virtue they would slay
Here—couch'd upon this heart, as at an altar,
And shelter'd by the wings of sacred Rome!
Begone!

FIRST COURTIER.

My Lord, I am your friend and servant—
Misjudge me not; but never yet was Louis
So roused against you:—shall I take this answer?—
It were to be your foe.

* Omitted in representation from line 295 to 302.

RICHELIEU.

All time my foe,
If I, a Priest, could cast this holy Sorrow
Forth from her last asylum!

FIRST COURTIER.

He is lost!

(*Exit First Courtier.*)

RICHELIEU.

God help thee, child!—she hears not! Look upon her!
The storm, that rends the oak, uproots the flower.
Her father loved me so! and in that age
When friends are brothers! She has been to me
Soother, nurse, plaything, daughter. Are these tears?*
Oh! shame, shame!—dotage!

JOSEPH.

Tears are not for eyes
That rather need the lightning, which can pierce
Through barred gates and triple walls, to smite
Crime, where it cowers in secret!—The Despatch!
Set every spy to work;—the morrow's sun
Must see that written treason in your hands,
Or rise upon your ruin.

RICHELIEU.

Ay—and close
Upon my corpse!—I am not made to live—
Friends, glory, France, all reft from me;—my star
Like some vain holiday mimicry of fire,
Piercing imperial heaven, and falling down
Rayless and blacken'd, to the dust—a thing
For all men's feet to trample! Yea!—to-morrow
Triumph or death! Look up, child!—Lead us, Joseph.

As they are going out, enter Baradas and De Beringhen.

BARADAS.

My Lord, the King cannot believe your Eminence
So far forgets your duty, and his greatness.

* Like Cromwell and Rienzi, Richelieu appears to have been easily moved to tears. The Queen Mother, who put the hardest interpretation on that humane weakness, which is natural with very excitable temperaments, said that "Il pleurait quand il voulait." I may add, to those who may be inclined to imagine that Richelieu appears in parts of this scene too dejected for consistency with so imperious a character, that it is recorded of him that "quand ses affaires ne reussissoient pas, il se trouvoit abattu et epouvanté, et quand il obtenoit ce qu'il souhaitoit, il etoit fier et insultant."

As to resist his mandate! Pray you, Madam,
Obey the King—no cause for fear!

JULIE.

My father!

RICHELIEU.

She shall not stir!

BARADAS.

You are not of her kindred—
An orphan—

RICHELIEU.

And her country is her mother!

BARADAS.

The country is the King!

RICHELIEU.

Ay, is it so;—
Then wakes the power which in the age of iron
Burst forth to curb the great, and raise the low.
Mark, where she stands!—around her form I draw
The awful circle of our solemn church!
Set but a foot within that holy ground,
And on thy head—yea, though it wore a crown—
I launch the curse of Rome!

BARADAS.

I dare not brave you!
I do but speak the orders of my King.
The church, your rank, power, very word, my Lord,
Suffice you for resistance:—blame yourself,
If it should cost you power!

RICHELIEU.

That *my* stake.—Ah!
Dark gamester! *what is thine?* Look to it well!—
Lose not a trick.—By this same hour to-morrow
Thou shalt have France, or I thy head!

BARADAS (*aside to De Beringhen*).

He cannot
Have the despatch?

DE BERINGHEN.

No: were it so, your stake
Were lost already.

JOSEPH (*aside*).

Patience is your game:
Reflect you have not the Despatch!

RICHELIEU.

O! monk!
Leave patience to the saints—for *I* am human!
Did not thy father die for France, poor orphan?
And now they say thou hast *no* father!—Fie!
Art thou not pure and good?—if so, thou art
A part of that—the Beautiful, the Sacred—
Which in all climes, men that have hearts adore,
By the great title of their mother country!

BARADAS (*aside*).

He wanders!

RICHELIEU.

So cling close unto my breast,
Here where thou droop'st—lies France! I am very feeble—
Of little use it seems to either now.
Well, well—we will go home.

BARADAS.

In sooth, my Lord,
You do need rest—the burthens of the state
O'ertask your health!

RICHELIEU (*to Joseph*).

I'm patient, see!

BARADAS (*aside*).

His mind
And life are breaking fast!

RICHELIEU (*overhearing him*).

Irreverent ribbald!
If so, beware the falling ruins! Hark!
I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs,
When this snow melteth there shall come a flood!
Avaunt! my name is Richelieu—I defy thee!
Walk blindfold on; behind thee stalks the headsman.
Ha! ha!—how pale he is! Heaven save my country!

[*Falls back in Joseph's arms.*

(*Baradas exit, followed by De Beringhen, betraying his exultation by his gestures.*)

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

Fourth Day.

SCENE I.

The Bastile—a corridor—in the back-ground the door of one of the condemned cells.

Enter Joseph and Gaoler.

GAOLER.

Stay, father, I will call the governor. [*Exit Gaoler.*

JOSEPH.

He has it, then—this Huguet;—so we learn
From François;—Humph! Now if I can but gain
One moment's access, all is ours! The Cardinal
Trembles 'tween life and death. His life is power:—
Smite one—slay both! No Æsculapian drugs,
By learned quacks baptised with Latin jargon,
E'er bore the healing which that scrap of parchment
Will medicine to Ambition's flagging heart.
France shall be saved—and Joseph be a bishop!

Enter Governor and Joseph.

GOVERNOR.

Father, you wish to see the prisoners Huguet
And the young knight De Mauprat?

JOSEPH.

So my office,
And the Lord Cardinal's order warrant, son!

GOVERNOR.

Father, it cannot be: Count Baradas
Has summon'd to the Louvre Sieur De Mauprat.

JOSEPH.

Well, well! But Huguet—

GOVERNOR.

Dies at noon.

JOSEPH.

At noon!
No moment to delay the pious rites
Which fit the soul for death—quick, quick—admit me!

GOVERNOR.

You cannot enter, monk! Such are my orders!

JOSEPH.

Orders! vain main!—the Cardinal still is minister.
His orders crush all others!

GOVERNOR (*lifting his hat*).

Save his king's!
See, monk, the royal sign and seal affix'd
To the count's mandate. None may have access
To either prisoner, Huguet or De Mauprat,
Not even a priest, without the special passport
Of Count de Baradas. I'll hear no more!

JOSEPH.

Just Heaven! and are we baffled thus!—Despair!!
Think on the Cardinal's power—beware his anger.

GOVERNOR.

I'll not be menaced, Priest! Besides, the Cardinal
Is dying and disgraced—all Paris knows it.
You hear the prisoner's knell. [*Bell tolls.*

JOSEPH.

I do beseech you—
The Cardinal is *not* dying—But one moment
And—hist!—five thousand pistoles!—

GOVERNOR.

How! a bribe
And to a soldier, grey with years of honour!
Begone!—

JOSEPH.

Ten thousand—twenty!—

GOVERNOR.

Gaoler—put
This monk without our walls.

JOSEPH.

By those grey hairs,
Yea, by this badge (*touching the cross of St. Louis worn by the Governor*)—
the guerdon of your valour—
By all your toils—hard days and sleepless nights—
Borne in your country's service, noble son—
Let me but see the prisoner!—

GOVERNOR.

No!—

JOSEPH.

He hath
Secrets of state—papers in which——

GOVERNOR (*interrupting*).

I know—
Such was his message to Count Baradas,
Doubtless the Count will see to it—

JOSEPH.

The Count!
Then not a hope!—You shall—

GOVERNOR.

Betray my trust!
Never—not one word more—you heard me, gaoler!

JOSEPH.

What can be done?—distraction!—Richelieu yet
Must—what?—I know not—thought, nerve, strength, forsake me.
Dare you refuse the Church her holiest rights?

GOVERNOR.

I refuse nothing—I obey my orders—

JOSEPH.

And sell your country to her parricides!
Oh, tremble yet!—Richelieu——

GOVERNOR.

Begone!

JOSEPH.

Undone!
(*Exit Joseph.*)

GOVERNOR.

A most audacious shaveling—interdicted
Above all others by the Count—

GAOLER.

I hope, Sir,
I shall not lose my perquisites. The Sieur
De Mauprat will not be reprieved?

GOVERNOR.

Oh, fear not:
The Count's commands by him who came for Mauprat
Are to prepare headsman and axe by noon;
The Count will give you perquisites enough;
Two deaths in one day!

GAOLER.

Sir, may Heaven reward him!
Oh, by the way, that troublesome young fellow,
Who calls himself the prisoner Huguet's son,
Is here again—implores, weeps, raves, to see him.

GOVERNOR.

Poor youth, I pity him!

Enter De Beringhen, followed by François.

DE BERINGHEN (*to François*).

Now, prithee, friend,
Let go my cloak; you really discompose me.

FRANCOIS.

No, they will drive me hence: my father! Oh!
Let me but see him once—but once—one moment!

DE BERINGHEN (*to Governor*).

Your servant, Messire,—this poor rascal, Huguet,
Has sent to see the Count de Baradas
Upon state secrets, that afflict his conscience.
The Count can't leave his Majesty an instant:
I am his proxy.

GOVERNOR.

The Count's word is law!
Again, young scapegrace! How com'st thou admitted?

DE BERINGHEN.

Oh! a most filial fellow: Huguet's son!

I found him whimpering in the court below.
I pray his leave to say good bye to father,
Before that very long unpleasant journey
Father's about to take. Let him wait here
Till I return.

FRANCOIS.

No; take me with you.

DE BERINGHEN.

Nay;
After *me*, friend—the Public first!

GOVERNOR.

The Count's
Commands are strict. No one must visit Huguet
Without his passport.

DE BERINGHEN.

Here it is! Pshaw! nonsense!
I'll be your surety. See, my Cerberus,
He is no Hercules!

GOVERNOR.

Well, you're responsible.
Stand there, friend. If, when you come out, my Lord,
The youth slip in, 'tis *your* fault.

DE BERINGHEN.

So it is!

[*Exit through the door of the cell, followed by the Gaoler.*

GOVERNOR.

Be calm, my lad. Don't fret so. I had once
A father too! I'll not be hard upon you,
And so stand close. I must not *see* you enter:
You understand. Between this innocent youth
And that intriguing monk there is, in truth,
A wide distinction.

Re-enter GAOLER.

Come, we'll go our rounds;
I'll give you just one quarter of an hour;
And if my Lord leave first, make my excuse.
Yet stay, the gallery's long and dark; no sentry
Until he reach the grate below. He'd best
Wait till I come. If he should lose the way,
We may not be in call.

FRANCOIS.

I'll tell him, Sir,—

[*Exeunt Governor and Gaoler.*

He's a wise son that knoweth his own father.
I've forged a precious one! So far, so well!
Alas, what then? this wretch has sent to Baradas—
Will sell the scroll to ransom life. Oh, Heaven!
On what a thread hangs hope!

[*Listens at the door.*

Loud words—a cry!

[*Looks through the key-hole.*

They struggle! Ho!—the packet!!!

[*Tries to open the door.*

Lost! He has it—
The courtier has it—Huguet, spite his chains,
Grapples!—well done! Now—now!

[*Draws back.*

The gallery's long!
And this is left us!

[*Drawing his dagger, and standing behind the door.*

Re-enter De Beringhen, with the packet.

Victory!
Yield it, robber—
Yield it—or die—

[*A short struggle.*

DE BERINGHEN.

Off! ho!—there!—

FRANCOIS (*grappling with him*).

Death or honour!—

[*Exeunt struggling.*

SCENE II.

The King's closet at the Louvre. A suite of rooms in perspective at one side.

Baradas—Orleans.

BARADAS.

All smiles! the Cardinal's swoon of yesterday
Heralds his death to-day;—could he survive,

It would not be as minister—so great
The king's resentment at the priest's defiance!
All smiles!—and yet, should this accurs'd De Mauprat
Have given our packet to another—'Sdeath!
I dare not think of it!

ORLEANS.

You've sent to search him?

BARADAS.

Sent, Sir, to search?—that hireling hands may find
Upon him, naked, with its broken seal,
That scroll, whose every word is death! No—no—
These hands alone must clutch that awful secret.
I dare not leave the palace, night or day,
While Richelieu lives—his minions—creatures—spies—
Not one must reach the king!

ORLEANS.

What hast thou done?

BARADAS.

Summon'd De Mauprat hither?

ORLEANS.

Could this Huguet,
Who pray'd thy presence with so fierce a fervour,
Have thieved the scroll?

BARADAS.

Huguet was housed with us,
The very moment we dismiss'd the courier.
It cannot be! a stale trick for reprieve.
But, to make sure, I've sent our trustiest friend
To see and sift him.—Hist! here comes the King—
How fare you, Sire?

Enter Louis.

LOUIS.

In the same mind I have
Decided! yes, he would forbid your presence,
My brother,—your's, my friend,—then Julie, too;
Thwarts—braves—defies—(*suddenly turning to Baradas*) We make you minister.
Gaston, for you—the baton of our armies.
You love me, do you not?

ORLEANS.

Oh, love you, Sire?
(*aside.*)—Never so much as now.

BARADAS.

May I deserve
Your trust (*aside*)—until you sign your abdication!
My liege, but one way left to daunt De Mauprat,
And Julie to divorce.—We must prepare
The death-writ; what, tho' sign'd and seal'd? we can
Withhold the enforcement.

LOUIS.

Ah, you may prepare it;
We need not urge it to effect.

BARADAS.

Exactly!
No haste, my liege (*looking at his watch, and aside*). He may live one hour longer.

(*Enter Courtier*).

COURTIER.

The Lady Julie, Sire, implores an audience.

LOUIS.

Aha! repentant of her folly!—Well,
Admit her.

BARADAS.

Sire, she comes for Mauprat's pardon,
And the conditions——

LOUIS.

You are minister,
We leave to you our answer.

(*As Julie enters,—the Captain of the Archers, by another door,—and whispers Baradas*).

CAPTAIN.

The Chevalier
De Mauprat waits below.

BARADAS (*aside*).

Now the despatch! [*Exit with Officer.*

Enter Julie.

JULIE

My liege, you sent for me. I come where Grief
Should come when guiltless, while the name of King
Is holy on the earth!—Here, at the feet
Of Power, I kneel for mercy.

LOUIS.

Mercy, Julie,
Is an affair of state. The Cardinal should
In this be your interpreter.

JULIE.

Alas!
I know not if that mighty spirit now
Stoop to the things of earth. Nay, while I speak,
Perchance he hears the orphan by the throne
Where Kings themselves need pardon; O my liege,
Be father to the fatherless; in you
Dwells my last hope!

Enter Baradas.

BARADAS (*aside*).

He has not the despatch;
Smiled, while we search'd, and braves me.—Oh!

LOUIS (*gently*).

What would'st thou?

JULIE.

A single life.—You reign o'er millions.—What
Is *one man's* life to you?—and yet to *me*
'Tis France—'tis earth—'tis everything!—a life—
A human life—my husband's.

LOUIS (*aside*).

Speak to her,
I am not marble,—give her hope—or—

BARADAS.

Madam,
Vex not your King, whose heart, too soft for justice,
Leaves to his ministers that solemn charge.

[*Louis walks up the stage.*]

JULIE.

You *were* his friend.

BARADAS.

I *was* before I loved thee.

JULIE.

Loved me!

BARADAS.

Hush, Julie: could'st thou misinterpret
My acts, thoughts, motives, nay, my very words,
Here—in this palace?

JULIE.

Now I know I'm mad,
Even that memory fail'd me.

BARADAS.

I am young,
Well-born and brave as Mauprat:—for thy sake
I peril what he has not—fortune—power;
All to great souls most dazzling. I alone
Can save thee from yon tyrant, now my puppet!
Be mine; annul the mockery of this marriage,
And on the day I clasp thee to my breast
De Mauprat shall be free.

JULIE.

Thou durst not speak
Thus in *his* ear (*pointing to Louis*). Thou double traitor!—tremble.
I will unmask thee.

BARADAS.

I will say thou ravest.
And see this scroll! its letters shall be blood!
Go to the King, count with me word for word;
And while you pray the life—I write the sentence!

JULIE.

Stay, stay (*rushing to the King*). You have a kind and princely heart,
Tho' sometimes it is silent: you were born
To *power*—it has not flush'd you into madness,
As it doth meaner men. Banish my husband—
Dissolve our marriage—cast me to that grave
Of human ties, where hearts congeal to ice,
In the dark convent's everlasting winter—
(Surely eno' for justice—hate—revenge)—

But spare this life, thus lonely, scathed, and bloomless;
And when thou stand'st for judgment on thine own,
The deed shall shine beside thee as an angel.

LOUIS (*much affected*).

Go, go, to Baradas: annul thy marriage,
And——

JULIE (*anxiously, and watching his countenance*).

Be his bride!

LOUIS.

A form, a mere decorum,
Thou know'st I love thee.

JULIE.

O thou sea of shame,
And not one star.

(*The King goes up the stage, and passes through the suite of rooms at the side in evident emotion.*)

BARADAS.

Well, thy election, Julie;
This hand—his grave!

JULIE.

His grave! and I—

BARADAS.

Can save him.—
Swear to be mine.

JULIE.

That were a bitterer death!
Avaunt, thou tempter! I did ask his life
A boon, and not the barter of dishonour.
The heart can break, and scorn you: wreak your malice;
Adrien and I will leave you this sad earth,
And pass together hand in hand to Heaven!

BARADAS.

You have decided.

[*Withdraws to the side scene for a moment, and returns.*]

Listen to me, Lady;
I am no base intriguer. I adored thee
From the first glance of those inspiring eyes;
With thee entwined ambition, hope, the future.
I will not lose thee! I can place thee nearest—

Ay, to the throne—nay, on the throne, perchance;
My star is at its zenith. Look upon me;
Hast thou decided?

JULIE.

No, no; you can see
How weak I am: be human, Sir—one moment.

BARADAS (*stamping his foot, De Mauprat appears at the side of the stage, guarded*).

Behold thy husband!—Shall he pass to death,
And know thou could'st have saved him?

JULIE.

Adrien, speak!
But say you wish to *live!*—if not your wife,
Your slave,—do with me as you will?

DE MAUPRAT.

Once more!—
Why this is mercy, Count! Oh, think, my Julie,
Life, at the best, is short,—but love immortal!

BARADAS (*taking Julie's hand*).

Ah, loveliest—

JULIE.

Go, that touch has made me iron.
We have decided—death!

BARADAS (*to De Mauprat*).

Now, say to whom
Thou gavest the packet, and thou yet shalt live.

DE MAUPRAT.

I'll tell thee nothing!

BARADAS.

Hark,—the rack!

DE MAUPRAT.

Thy penance
For ever, wretch!—What rack is like the conscience?

JULIE.

I shall be with thee soon.

BARADAS (*giving the writ to the Officer*).

Hence, to the headsman.

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The doors are thrown open. The Huissier announces "His Eminence the Cardinal Duke de Richelieu."
Enter Richelieu, attended by Gentlemen, Pages, &c., pale, feeble, and leaning on Joseph, followed by three Secretaries of State, attended by Sub-secretaries with papers, &c.

JULIE (*rushing to Richelieu*).

You live—you live—and Adrien shall not die!

RICHELIEU.

Not if an old man's prayers, himself near death,
Can aught avail thee, daughter! Count, you now
Hold what I held on earth:—one boon, my Lord,
This soldier's life.

BARADAS.

The stake,—my head!—you said it.
I cannot lose one trick.—Remove your prisoner.

JULIE.

No!—No!—

Enter Louis from the rooms beyond.

RICHELIEU (*to Officer*).

Stay, Sir, one moment. My good liege,
Your worn-out servant, willing, Sire, to spare you
Some pain of conscience, would forestall your wishes.
I do resign my office.

DE MAURAT.

You!

JULIE.

All's over!

RICHELIEU.

My end draws near. These sad ones, Sire, I love them,
I do not ask his life; but suffer justice
To halt, until I can dismiss his soul,
Charged with an old man's blessing.

LOUIS.

Surely!

BARADAS.

Sire——

LOUIS.

Silence—small favour to a dying servant.

RICHELIEU.

You would consign your armies to the baton
Of your most honour'd brother. Sire, so be it!
Your minister, the Count de Baradas;
A most sagacious choice!—Your Secretaries
Of State attend me, Sire, to render up
The ledgers of a realm.—I do beseech you,
Suffer these noble gentlemen to learn
The nature of the glorious task that waits them,
Here, in my presence.

LOUIS.

You say well, my Lord.

(*To Secretaries, as he seats himself.*)

Approach, Sirs.

RICHELIEU.

I—I—faint!—air—air—

(*Joseph and a gentleman assist him to a sofa, placed beneath a window.*)

I thank you—
Draw near, my children.

BARADAS.

He's too weak to question,
Nay, scarce to speak; all's safe.

SCENE III.

Manent Richelieu, Mauprat, and Julie, the last kneeling beside the Cardinal; the Officer of the Guard behind Mauprat. Joseph near Richelieu, watching the King. Louis. Baradas at the back of the King's chair, anxious and disturbed. Orleans at a greater distance, careless and triumphant. The Secretaries. As each Secretary advances in his turn, he takes the portfolios from the Sub-secretaries.

FIRST SECRETARY.

The affairs of Portugal,
Most urgent, Sire;—One short month since the Duke
Braganza was a rebel.

LOUIS.

And is still!

FIRST SECRETARY.

No, Sire, *he has succeeded!* He is now
Crown'd King of Portugal—craves instant succour
Against the arms of Spain.

LOUIS.

We will not grant it
Against his lawful king. Eh, Count?

BARADAS.

No, Sire.

FIRST SECRETARY.

But Spain's your deadliest foe: whatever
Can weaken Spain must strengthen France. The Cardinal
Would send the succours:—(*solemnly*)—balance, Sire, of Europe!

LOUIS.

The Cardinal!—balance!—We'll consider.—Eh, Count?

BARADAS.

Yes, Sire;—fall back.

FIRST SECRETARY.

But——

BARADAS.

Oh! fall back, Sir.

JOSEPH.

Humph

SECOND SECRETARY.

The affairs of England, Sire, most urgent: Charles
The First has lost a battle that decides
One half his realm,—craves moneys, Sire, and succour.

LOUIS.

He shall have both.—Eh, Baradas?

BARADAS.

Yes, Sire.
(Oh that despatch!—my veins are fire!)

RICHELIEU (*feebly, but with great distinctness.*)

My liege—
Forgive me—Charles's cause is lost! A man,
Named Cromwell, risen—a great man!—your succour
Would fail—your loans be squander'd!—Pause—reflect.*

LOUIS.

Reflect.—Eh, Baradas?

BARADAS.

Reflect, Sire.

JOSEPH.

Humph!

LOUIS (*aside*).

I half repent!—No successor to Richelieu!—
Round me thrones totter!—dynasties dissolve!—
The soil he guards alone escapes the earthquake!

JOSEPH.

Our star not yet eclipsed!—you mark the King? 280
Oh! had we the despatch!

RICHELIEU,

Ah! Joseph!—Child—
Would I could help thee!

Enter Gentleman, whispers Joseph, who exit hastily.

BARADAS (*to Secretary*).

Sir, fall back.

SECOND SECRETARY.

But——

BARADAS.

Pshaw, Sir!

THIRD SECRETARY (*mysteriously*).

The *secret correspondence*, Sire, most urgent,—
Accounts of spies—deserters—heretics—
Assassins—poisoners—schemes against yourself!——

LOUIS.

Myself!—most urgent!—(*looking on the documents.*)

* See in "Cinq Mars," vol. v., the striking and brilliant chapter from which the interlude of the Secretaries is borrowed.

Re-enter Joseph with François, whose pourpoint is streaked with blood. François passes behind the Cardinal's attendants, and, sheltered by them from the sight of Baradas, &c., falls at Richelieu's feet.

FRANÇOIS.

O! my Lord!

RICHELIEU.

Thou art bleeding!

FRANÇOIS.

A scratch—I have not fail'd!——(*gives the packet.*)

RICHELIEU.

Hush!—(*looking at the contents.*)

THIRD SECRETARY (*to King*).

Sire, the Spaniards
Have reinforced their army on the frontiers.
The Duc de Bouillon——

RICHELIEU.

Hold!—In this department—
A paper—here, Sire,—read yourself—then take
The Count's advice in't.

Enter De Beringhen hastily, and draws aside Baradas.

(*Richelieu, to Secretary, giving an open parchment.*)

BARADAS (*bursting from De Beringhen*).

What! and reft it from thee!
Ha!—hold!

JOSEPH.

Fall back, son,—it is your turn now!

BARADAS.

Death!—the Despatch!

LOUIS (*reading*).

To Bouillon—and sign'd Orleans!—
Baradas, too!—league with our foes of Spain!—
Lead our Italian armies—what! to Paris!—
Capture the King—my health require repose—

Make me subscribe my proper abdication—
Orleans, my brother, Regent!—Saints of Heaven!
These are the men I loved!

(*Baradas draws,—attempts to rush out,—is arrested. Orleans, endeavouring to escape more quickly, meets Josephs eye, and stops short.*)

(*Richelieu falls back.*)

JOSEPH.

See to the Cardinal!

BARADAS.

He's dying!—and I yet shall dupe the King!

LOUIS (*rushing to Richelieu*).

Richelieu!—Lord Cardinal!—'tis *I* resign!—
Reign thou!

JOSEPH.

Alas! too late!—he faints!

LOUIS.

Reign, Richelieu!

RICHELIEU (*feebly*).

With absolute power?——

LOUIS.

Most absolute!—Oh! live!—
If not for me—for France!

RICHELIEU.

France!

LOUIS.

Oh! this treason!—
The army—Orleans—Bouillon—Heavens!—the Spaniard!—
Where will they be next week?——

RICHELIEU (*starting up*).

There,—at my feet!

(*To First and Second Secretary.*)

Ere the clock strike!—The Envoys have their answer!

(*To Third Secretary, with a ring.*)

This to De Chavigny—he knows the rest—

No need of parchment here—he must not halt
For sleep—for food.—In *my* name,—MINE!—he will
Arrest the Duc de Bouillon at the head
Of his army!—Ho! there, Count de Baradas
Thou hast lost the stake!—Away with him!*

(*As the Guards open the folding-doors, a view of the ante-room beyond, lined with Courtiers. Baradas passes through the line.*)

Ha!—ha!—

(*Snatching De Mauprat's death-warrant from the officer.*)

See here De Mauprat's death-writ, Julie!—
Parchment for battledores!—Embrace your husband!—
At last the old man blesses you!

JULIE.

O joy!
You are saved; you live—I hold you in these arms.

MAUPRAT.

Never to part—

JULIE.

No—never, Adrien—never!

LOUIS (*peevishly*).

One moment makes a startling cure, Lord Cardinal;†

RICHELIEU.

Ay, Sire, for in one moment there did pass
Into this wither'd frame the might of France!—
My own dear France—I have thee yet—I have saved thee!
I clasp thee still!—it was thy voice that call'd me
Back from the tomb!—What mistress like our country?

* The passion of the drama requires this catastrophe for Baradas. He, however, survived his disgrace,—though stripped of all his rapidly-acquired fortunes—and the daring that belonged to his character won him distinction in foreign service. He returned to France after Richelieu's death, but never regained the same court influence. He had taken the vows of a knight of Malta, and Louis made him a Prior!

† The sudden resuscitation of Richelieu (not to strain too much on the real passion which supports him in this scene) is in conformance with the more dissimulating part of his character. The extraordinary mobility of his countenance flatterly so deathlike, save when the mind spoke in the features) always lent itself to stage effect of this nature. The queen mother said of him, that she had seen him one moment so feeble, cast down, and "semi-mort," that he seemed on the point of giving up the ghost—and the next moment he would start up full of animation, energy, and life.

LOUIS.

For Mauprat's pardon—well! But Julie,—Richelieu,
Leave me one thing to love!—

RICHELIEU.

A subject's luxury!
Yet, if you must love something, Sire,—*love me!*

LOUIS (*smiling in spite of himself*).

Fair proxy for a young fresh Demoiselle!

RICHELIEU.

Your heart speaks for my clients:—Kneel, my children,
And thank your King—

JULIE.

Ah, tears like these, my liege,
Are dews that mount to Heaven.

LOUIS.

Rise—rise—be happy.

(*Richelieu beckons to De Beringhen.*)

DE BERINGHEN (*falteringly*).

My Lord—you are—most—happily—recover'd.

RICHELIEU.

But you are pale, dear Beringhen:—this air
Suits not your delicate frame—I long have thought so:—
Sleep not another night in Paris:—Go,—
Or else your precious life may be in danger.
Leave France, dear Beringhen!

DE BERINGHEN.

I shall have time,
More than I ask'd for,—to discuss the pâté.

[*Exit De Beringhen.*

RICHELIEU (*to Orleans*).

For you, repentance—absence—and confession!

(*To François.*)

Never say *fail* again.—Brave Boy!

(*To Joseph.*)

He'll be—
A Bishop first.

JOSEPH.

Ah, Cardinal—

RICHELIEU.

Ah, Joseph!

(*To Louis—as De Mauprat and Julie converse apart*).

See, my liege—see thro' plots and counterplots—
Thro' gain and loss—thro' glory and disgrace—
Along the plains, where passionate Discord rears
Eternal Babel—still the holy stream
Of human happiness glides on!

LOUIS.

And must we
Thank for *that* also—our prime Minister?

RICHELIEU.

No—let us own it:—there is ONE above
Sways the harmonious mystery of the world
Ev'n better than prime ministers;—
Alas!
Our glories float between the earth and heaven
Like clouds which seem pavilions of the sun,
And are the playthings of the casual wind;
Still, like the cloud which drops on unseen crags
The dews the wild flower feeds on, our ambition
May from its airy height drop gladness down
On unsuspected virtue;—and the flower
May bless the cloud when it hath pass'd away!*

THE END OF RICHELIEU.

* The image and the sentiment in the concluding lines are borrowed from a passage in one of the writings attributed to the Cardinal.

O D E S.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE ODES.

The connexion between the Lyric and Dramatic forms of poetical composition is sufficiently ancient and established to warrant me, I trust, in subjoining to an Historical Play three attempts, equally elaborate, in the less cultivated art of the Historical Ode. Written at least, with the advantage of mature experience, I venture to express a hope that these Odes may, in some degree, redeem the faults of poems put forth, a few years since, in the rashness of early youth:— If I require an additional apology for associating them with the Drama of "Richelieu," let me frankly acknowledge that I am not uninfluenced by the belief, that, should their more obtrusive companion meet with any success, they are likely to obtain a larger circle of readers, and therefore a fairer judgment, than, in the present indisposition to poetry, an author whose reputation, such as it may be, lies in other departments of literature, could reasonably expect for a volume exclusively devoted to lyrical compositions: and, on the other hand, if impartial judges should pass an unfavourable verdict on their pretensions, I have, at least, put them forward in a more unassuming shape than that of a separate publication.

London, March 5, 1839.

BRANCH OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY

ODE I.

THE

LAST DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

"Her delight is to sit in the dark, and sometimes, with shedding tears, to bewail Essex."—*Contemporaneous Correspondence.*

"She refused all consolation; few words she uttered, and they were all expressive of some hidden grief which she cared not to reveal. But sighs and groans were the chief vent which she gave to her despondency, and which tho' they discovered her sorrows were never able to ease or assuage them. Ten days and nights she lay upon the carpet leaning on cushions which her maids brought her, &c."—*Hume.*

I.

Rise from thy bloody grave
Thou soft Medusa of the Fated Line*
Whose evil beauty look'd to death the Brave;—
Discrowned Queen, around whose passionate shame
Terror and Grief the palest flowers entwine,
That ever veil'd the ruins of a Name
With the sweet parasites of song divine!—
Arise, sad Ghost, arise,
And, if Revenge outlive the Tomb,
Thou art avenged—Behold the Doomer brought to Doom!

* Mary Stuart—"The soft Medusa" is an expression strikingly applied to her in her own day.

Lo, where thy mighty Murderess lies,
The sleepless couch—the sunless room,
And, quell'd the eagle eye and lion mien,
The woe-worn shadow of the Titan Queen!

II.

There, sorrow-stricken, to the ground,
Alike by night and day,
The heart's-blood from the inward wound
Ebbs silently away.
And oft she turns from face to face
A sharp and eager gaze,
As if the Memory sought to trace
The sign of some lost dwelling-place
Belov'd in happier Days;—
Ah, what the clue supplies
In the cold vigil of a hireling's eyes?
Ah, sad in childless age to weep alone,
And start and gaze, to find no sorrow save our own!—
O Soul, thou speedest to thy rest away,
But *not* upon the pinions of the Dove;
When Death draws nigh, how miserable they
Who have outlived all Love!
As on the solemn verge of Night
Lingers a weary Moon,
She wanes, the last of every glorious light
That bath'd with splendour her majestic noon:—
The stately stars that clustering o'er the isle
Lull'd into glittering rest the subject sea;—
Gone the great Masters of Italian wile
False to the world beside, but true to thee!—
Burleigh, the subtlest builder of thy fame,—

The gliding craft of winding Walsinghame;—
They who exalted yet before thee bowed;—
And that more dazzling chivalry—the Band
That made thy Court a Faëry Land,
In which thou wert enshrin'd to reign alone—
The Gloriana of the Diamond Throne;—
All gone,—and left thee sad amidst the cloud!

III.

To their great Sires, to whom thy youth was known,
Who from thy smile, as laurels from the Sun,
Drank the immortal greenness of renown,
Succeeds the cold lip-homage scantly won
From the new race whose hearts already bear
The Wise-man's offerings to the' unworthy Heir.
There, specious Bacon's * unimpassion'd brow,
And crook-back Cecil's ever earthward eyes
Watching the glass in which the sands run low;—
But deem not fondly there
To weep the fate or pour the' averting prayer
Have come those solemn spies!
Lo, at the Regal Gate
The impatient Couriers wait;
To speed from hour to hour the nice account
That registers the grudg'd unpitied sighs
Which yet must joy delay, before
The Stuart's tottering step shall mount
The last great Tudor's throne, red with his Mother's gore!

* See the servile and heart-sickening correspondence maintained by Francis Bacon and Robert Cecil (the sons of Elizabeth's most faithful friends) with the Scottish Court, during the Queen's last illness.

IV.

O piteous mockery of all pomp thou art,
Poor Child of Clay, worn out with toil and years!
As, layer by layer, the granite of the heart
Dissolving, melteth to the weakest tears
That ever Village Maiden shed above
The grave that robb'd her quiet world of love.
Ten days and nights upon that floor
Those weary limbs have lain;
And every hour but added more
Of heaviness to pain.
As gazing into dismal air
She sees the headless phantom there,
The victim round whose image twined
The last wild love of woman-kind;
That love which in its dire excess
Will blast where it can fail to bless,
And, like the lightning, flash, and fade
In gloom along the ruins it has made.
'Twere sad to see from those stern eyes
The' unheeded anguish feebly flow;
And hear the broken word that dies
In moanings faint and low;—
But sadder still to mark the while,
The vacant stare—the marble smile,
And think, that goal of glory won,
How slight a shade between
The idiot moping in the sun
And England's Giant Queen!*

* "It was after labouring for nearly three weeks under a morbid melancholy, which brought on a stupor not unmixed with some indications of a disordered

V.

Call back the gorgeous Past!
Lo, England white-robed for a holyday!
While, choral to the clarion's kingly blast,
Peals shout on shout along the Virgin's way,
As thro' the swarming streets rolls on the long array.
Mary is dead!—Look from your fire-won homes,
Exulting Martyrs!—on the mount shall rest
Truth's ark at last! the' avenging Lutheran comes
And clasps THE BOOK ye died for to her breast!*
With her, the flower of all the Land,
The high-born gallants ride,
And, ever nearest of the band,
With watchful eye and ready hand,
Young Dudley's form of pride!†

fancy, that the Queen expired.—*Aikin's translation of a Latin letter (author unknown) to Edmund Lambert.*

Robert Carey, who was admitted to an interview with Elizabeth in her last illness, after describing the passionate anguish of her sighs, observes, "that, in all his lifetime before, he never knew her fetch a sigh but when the Queen of Scots was beheaded." Yet this Robert Carey, the well-born mendicant of her bounty, was the first whose eager haste and joyous countenance told James that the throne of the Tudors was at last vacant.

* "When she (Elizabeth) was conducted thro' London amidst the joyful acclamations of her subjects, a boy, who personated Truth, was let down from one of the triumphal arches, and presented to her a copy of the Bible. She received the book with the most gracious deportment, placed it next her bosom." &c.—*Hume.*

† Robert Dudley, afterwards the Leicester of doubtful fame, attended Elizabeth in her passage to the Tower. The streets, as she passed along, were spread with the finest gravel; banners and pennons, hangings of silk, of velvet, of cloth of gold, were suspended from the balconies, musicians and singers were stationed amidst the populace; as she rode along in her purple robes, preceded by her heralds, &c.

Ah, ev'n in that exulting hour,
Love half allures the soul from Power ;—
And blushes, half suppress'd, betray
The woman's hope and fear ;
Like blooms which in the early May
Bud forth beneath a timorous ray,
And mark the mellowing year. --
While steals the sweetest of all worship, paid
Less to the Monarch than the Maid,
Melodious on the ear !

VI.

Call back the gorgeous Past !
The lists are set, the trumpets sound,
Bright eyes—sweet judges—thron'd around ;
And stately on the glittering ground
The Old Chivalric Life !
"Forward*."—The signal word is given—
Beneath the shock the greensward shakes—
The lusty cheer, the gleaming spear—
The snow-plume's falling flakes—
The fiery joy of strife !
Thus, when, from out a changeful heaven
O'er waves in eddying tumult driven
A stormy smile is cast,
Alike the gladsome anger takes
The sunshine and the blast !—
Who is the Victor of the Day ?
Thou of the delicate form, and golden hair,
And Manhood glorious in its midst of May ;—

* The customary phrase was "*Laissez aller.*"

Thou who upon thy shield of argent, bearest
The bold device, "The Loftiest is the Fairest!"
As bending low thy stainless crest,
'The Vestal throned by the West'
Accords the old Provençal crown
Which blends her own with thy renown;—
Arcadian Sidney—Nursling of the Muse,
Flower of Fair Chivalry, whose bloom was fed
With daintiest Castaly's most silver dews,
Alas! how soon thy amaranth leaves were shed—
Born, what, the 'Ausonian Minstrel *dream'd*, to *be*'*
Time's knightly Epic pass'd from Earth with thee!

VII.

Call back the gorgeous Past!
Where, bright and broadening to the main,
Rolls on the scornful River,—
Stout hearts beat high on Tilbury's plain,—
Our Marathon for ever!
No breeze above, but on the mast
The pennon shook as with the blast.
Forth from the cloud the day-god strode,
O'er bristling helms the splendour glow'd,—
Leapt the loud joy from Earth to Heaven,
As, thro' the ranks asunder riven,
The Warrior-Woman rode!

* What difference between the Tancred of Tasso and the Sidney of England,—except that the last was of bone and flesh? "The Life of Sir Philip Sidney," as Campbell finely expresses it, "was Poetry put in action." With him died the Provençal and the Norman—the Ideal of the Middle Ages.

Hark, thrilling thro' the armèd Line
The martial accents ring,
"Though mine the Woman's form—yet mine,
"The Heart of England's King!"*
Woe to the Island and the Maid!
The Pope has preach'd the New Crusade,†
His sons have caught the fiery zeal;—
The Monks are merry in Castile;
Bold Parma on the Main;
And thro' the deep exulting sweep
The Thunder-Steeds of Spain.‡—
What meteor rides the sulphurous gale?
The Flames have caught the giant sail!
Fierce Drake is grappling prow to prow;
God and St. George for Victory now!
Death in the Battle and the Wind—
Carnage before and Storm behind—
Wild shrieks are heard above the hurtling roar
By Orkneys' rugged strands, and Erin's ruthless shore.
Joy to the Island and the Maid!
Pope Sixtus wept the Last Crusade;

* "I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too."—*Elizabeth's harangue at Tilbury Camp.*

She rode bareheaded thro' the ranks, a page bearing her helmet, mounted on a war-horse, clad in steel,—and wielding a general's truncheon in her hand. Nothing in Napoleon's speeches excels the simple and grand eloquence of her imperishable address to her soldiery.

† "Sëxtus Quintus, the present Pope, famous for his capacity and his tyranny, had published a crusade against England, and had granted plenary indulgences to every one engaged in the present invasion."—*Hume.* This Pope was nevertheless Elizabeth's admirer as well as foe, and said, not very clerically, "If a son could be born from us two, he would be master of the world."

‡ "Steeds of the Sea,"—was the poetic synonym for ships with the old Runic bards.

His sons consum'd before his zeal,—
The Monks are woeful in Castile;—
Your Monument the Main,
The glaive and gale Record your tale,
Ye Thunder-Steeds of Spain!

VIII.

Turn from the gorgeous Past;—
Its lonely Ghost thou art!
A tree, that, in a world of bloom,
Droops, spectral in its leafless gloom,
Before the griding blast;—
But art thou fallen then so low—
Art thou so desolate? wan Shadow, No!
Crouch'd, suppliant by the Grave's unclosing portal,
Love which proclaims thee human, bids thee know
A truth more lofty in thy lowliest hour
Than shallowest Glory taught to deafened Power,
"WHAT'S HUMAN IS IMMORTAL!"
'Tis sympathy which makes sublime!—
Never so reverent in thy noon of Time
As now—when o'er thee hangs the midnight pall—
No comfort, Pomp; and Wisdom no protection—
Hope's 'cloud-capt towers and solemn temples' gone—
Mid Memory's wrecks, eternal and alone,—
Type of the Woman-Deity AFFECTION;
That only Eve which never knew a fall—
Sad as the Dove, but, like the Dove, surviving all!

ODE II.

CROMWELL'S DREAM.

[The conception of this Ode originated in a popular tradition of Cromwell's earlier days. It is thus strikingly related by Mr. Forster, in his recent and very valuable Life of Cromwell:—"He had laid himself down, too fatigued to hope for sleep, when suddenly the curtains of his bed were slowly withdrawn by a gigantic figure, which bore the aspect of a woman, and which, gazing at him silently for a while, told him that he should, before his death, be the greatest man in England. He remembered when he told the story, and the recollection marked the current of his thoughts, *that the figure had not made mention of the word King.*" Alteration has been made in the scene of the vision, and the age of Cromwell.]

The Moor spread wild and far
In the sharp whiteness of a wintry shroud,
Midnight yet moonless; and the winds ice-bound,
And a grey dusk—not darkness—reign'd around,
Save where the paleness of a sudden star
Peer'd o'er some haggard precipice of cloud.—
Where on the wold, the triple pathway crost,
A sturdy wanderer wearied, lone, and lost,
Paus'd and gaz'd round; a dwarf'd but aged yew
O'er the wan rime its gnome-like shadow threw;
The spot invited, and by sleep opprest,
Beneath the boughs he laid him down to rest.
A man of stalwart limbs and hardy frame,
Meet for the antique time when force was fame,
Youthful in years—the features yet betray
Thoughts rarely mellow'd till the locks are grey;
Round the firm lips the lines of solemn wile
Might warn the wise of danger in the smile;

But the blunt aspect spoke more sternly still
That craft of craft—THE STUBBORN WILL:
That which,—let what may betide—
Never halts nor swerves aside;
From afar its victim viewing,
Slow of speed, but sure-pursuing;
Thro' maze, up mount, still hounding on its way,
Till it is grimly couch'd beside the conquered prey!

II.

The loftiest fate will longest lie
In unrevealing sleep;—
And yet unknown the destined race,
Nor yet his Soul had walk'd with Grace;
Still, on the seas of Time
Drifted the ever-careless prime,—
But many a blast that o'er the sky
All idly seems to sweep,—
Still while it speeds, may spread the seeds,
The toils of autumn reap:—
And we must blame the soil, and not the wind,
If hurrying passion leave no golden grain behind.

III.

Seize—seize—seize!*
Bind him strong in the chain,
On his heart, on his brain,
Clasp the gyves of the iron Sleep.
Seize—seize—seize—
Ye fiends that dimly sweep
Up from the cloudy deep,
Where Death holds ghastly watch beside his brother,

* Ἁδέτω, λαβέτω, λαβέτω, λαβέτω, (seize, seize, seize).—*Æschyl. Eumen.* 125.

Ye pale Impalpables, that are
Shadows of Truths afar,
Prophets that men call DREAMS—
The phantom birth of that mysterious Mother,
Who, by the Ebon Gate,
Beyond the shore where Daylight streams,
Sits, muttering spells for mortal state,
Young with eternal years,—the Titan-Sibyl FATE!
Prophets that men call Dreams!—
Seize—seize—seize—
Bind him strong in the chain,
On his heart, on his brain,
Clasp the gyves of the iron Sleep!
Awakes or dreams he still?
His eyes are open with a glassy stare,
On the fix'd brow the large drops gather chill,
And Horror like a Wind stirs thro' the lifted hair*.
Before him stands the Thing of Dread—
A Giant Shadow motionless and pale!
As those dim Lemur-Vapours † that exhale
From the rank grasses rotting o'er the Dead,
And startle midnight with the mocking shew
Of the still, shrouded bones that sleep below—
So the wan image which the Vision bore
Was outlined from the air, no more
Than served to make the loathing sense a bond
Between the World of Life, and grieslier worlds beyond.

* ——ἰὼ ἄναξ
Δείμ' ὑπῆλθέ μου κρατὸς φόβος.
Soph. Œdip. Col. 1465.

† The Lemures or Larvæ, the evil spirits of the dead, as the Lares were the good.—They haunted sepulchres—"loath to leave the bodies that they loved."

V.

"Behold!" the Shadow said, and lo,
Where the blank heath had spread, a smiling scene;
Soft woodlands sloping from a village green,*
And, waving to blue Heaven, the happy cornfields glow:
A modest roof, with ivy clustered o'er,
And Childhood's busy mirth beside the door.
But, yonder, sunset sleeping on the sod,
Bow Labour's rustic sons in solemn prayer;
And, self-made Teacher of the truths of God,
The Dreamer sees the Phantom-Cromwell there!
"Art thou content, of these the greatest *Thou*,"
Murmured the Fiend, "the Master and the Priest?"
A sullen anger knit the Dreamer's brow,
And from his scornful lips the words came slow,
"The greatest of the Hamlet, Demon, No!"
Loud laugh'd the Fiend—then trembled thro' the sky,
Where haply angels watch'd, a warning sigh;—
And Darkness swept the scene, and golden Quiet ceas'd.

VI.

"Behold!" the Shadow said—a hell-born ray
Shoots thro' the Night, up-leaps the unblessed Day,
Spring from the earth the Dragon's armèd seed,
The ghastly squadron wheels, and neighs the spectre-steed.

* The farm of St. Ives, where Cromwell spent three years, afterwards recalled with regret—though not unafflicted with dark hypochondria and sullen discontent. Here, as Mr. Forster impressively observes, "in the tenants that rented from him, in the labourers that served under him, he sought to sow the seeds of his after troop of Ironsides. . . . *All the famous doctrines of his later and more celebrated years were tried and tested in the little farm of St. Ives.* . . . Before going to their fieldwork in the morning, they (his servants) knelt down with their master in the touching equality of prayer; in the evening they shared with him again the comfort and exaltation of divine precepts."—*Forster's Cromwell.*

Unnatural sounds the Mother-tongue
As loud from host to host the English warcry rung;
Kindred with kindred blent in slaughter, lo
The dark phantasma of the Prophet-Woe!

A gay and glittering band!
Apollo's lovelocks in the crest of Mars—
Light-hearted Valour, laughing scorn to scars—
A gay and glittering band,
Unwitting of the scythe—the Lilies of the Land!
Pale in the midst, that stately squadron boast
A princely form, a mournful brow;
And still, where plumes are proudest, seen,
With sparkling eye and dauntless mien,
The young Achilles * of the host.
On rolls the surging war—and now
Along the closing columns ring—
"Rupert" and "Charles"—"The Lady of the Crown†,"
"Down with the Roundhead Rebels, down!"
"St. George and England's king."

A stalwart and a sturdy band,—
Whose souls of sullen zeal
Are made by the Immortal Hand,
Invulnerable steel!
A kneeling host,—a pause of prayer,
A single voice thrills through the air
"They come. Up Ironsides!
"For Truth and Peace unsparing smite!
"Behold the accurs'd Amalekite!"

* Prince Rupert.
† Henrietta Maria was the popular watchword of the Cavaliers.

The Dreamer's heart beat high and loud,
For, calmly through the carnage-cloud,
The Scourge and Servant of the Lord,
This hand the Bible—that the Sword—
The Phantom-Cromwell rides!

A lurid darkness swallows the array,
One moment lost—the darkness rolls away,
And, o'er the slaughter done,
Smiles, with his eyes of love, the setting Sun.
Death makes our Foe our Brother;
And, meekly, side by side,
Sleep scowling Hate, and sternly smiling Pride,
On the kind breast of Earth, the quiet Mother!
Lo, where the Victor sweeps along,
The Gideon of the gory throng,
Beneath his hoofs the harmless dead—
The sunlight glory on his helmèd head—
Before him steel-clad Victory bending,
Around, from earth to heaven ascending—
The fiery incense of triumphant song.
So, as some orb above a mighty stream
Sway'd by its law—and sparkling in its beam,—
A Power apart from that tempestuous tide,
Calm and aloft behold the Phantom-Conqueror ride!
"Art thou content—of these the greatest Thou,
"Hero and Patriot?" murmured then the Fiend.
The unsleeping Dreamer answered, "Tempter, nay,
"My soul stands breathless on the mountain's brow
And looks *beyond!*" Again swift darkness screen'd
The solemn Chieftain and the fierce array,
And armed Glory pass'd, like happier Peace, away.

VII.

He looked again, and saw
A chamber with funereal sables hung
Wherein there lay a ghastly headless thing
That once had been a king—
And by the corpse a living man, whose doom,
Had both been left to Nature's quiet Law,
Were riper for the Garner-House of Gloom.*
Rudely beside the gory clay were flung
A broken sceptre and an antique crown,
So, after some imperial Tragedy
August alike with sorrow and renown,
We smile to see the gauds that mov'd our awe,
Purple and orb; in dusty lumber lie,—
Alas, what thousands, on the stage of Time,
Envied the baubles, and revered the Mime!
Placed by the trunk—with long and whitening hair
By dark-red gouts besprent, the severed head
Up to the Gazer's musing eyes, the while,
Look'd with its livid brow and stony smile.
On that sad scene, his gaze the Dreamer fed,
Familiar both the Living and the Dead;
Terror, and hate, and strife concluded there,
Calm in his six-feet realm† the monarch lay;
And by the warning victim's mangled clay

* The reader will recall the well known story of Cromwell opening the coffin of Charles with *the hilt of a private soldier's* sword, and, after gazing on the body some time, observing calmly, that it seemed made for long life.—

"Had Nature been his Executioner,
He would have outlived Me!"—*Cromwell*, a MS. tragedy.

† A whole epic was in the stern epigram of the Saxon when asked by the rival to his throne—"What share of territory wilt thou give me?"—"Six feet of land for a grave!"

The Phantom-Cromwell smil'd,—and bending down
With shadowy fingers toy'd about the shadowy crown.
"Art thou content, at last, a Greater thou
"Than one to whom the loftiest bent the knee,
"Brand to the False—but Banner to the Free—
"Avenger and Deliverer!"
"Fiend," replied
The Dreamer, "who shall palter with the tide?—
"*Deliverer!* Pilots who the vessel save
"Leave not the helm while winds are on the wave.
"THE FUTURE is the Haven of THE NOW!"
"True," quoth the Fiend—Again the darkness spread,
And Night gave back to Air the Doomsman and the Dead!

VIII.

He look'd again; and now
A lofty Senate stern with many a Form,
Not unfamiliar to the former strife;
An anxious passion knit each gathered brow;
O'er all, that hush deep not serene, in life,
As in the air, prophetic of wild storm.
Uprose a stately shape* with dark-bright eye
And worn cheek lighted with a feverish glow;—
It spoke—and at the aspect and the sound
The Dreamer breath'd a fierce and restless sigh;
An instinct bade him hate and fear
That unknown shape—as if a foe were near—

* When Cromwell came down (leaving his musqueteers without the door) to dissolve the Long Parliament, Vane was in the act of urging through the last stage the Bill that would have saved the republic. See Forster's spirited account of this scene, *Life of Vane*, 152.

For, mighty in that mien of thoughtful youth,
Spoke Fraud's most deadly foe—a soul on fire with
Truth;—
A soul without one stain
Save England's hallowing tears;—the sad and starry Vane!
There enters on that conclave high
A solitary Man;
And rustling thro' the conclave high
A troubled murmur ran;
A moment more—loud riot all—
With pike and morion gleam the startled hall:
And there, where, since the primal date
Of Freedom's glorious morn,
The Eternal People solemn sate
The People's Champion spat his ribald scorn!
Dark moral to all ages!—Blent in one
The broken fasces and the shattered throne;
The deed that damns immortally is done;
And FORCE, the Cain of Nations—reigns alone!
The veil is rent—the crafty soul lies bare!
"Behold," the Demon cried, "the *Future* Cromwell, there!
"Art thou content, *on Earth* the Greatest thou,
"APOSTATE AND USURPER?"—From his rest
The Dreamer started with a heaving breast,
The better angels of the human heart
Not dumb to his,—The Hell-Born laugh'd aloud
And o'er the Evil Vision rush'd the Cloud!

ODE III

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

I.

THE wind comes gently from the west,*
The smile is on the face of day;
And gaily o'er the ocean's breast,
The breezes are at play;
Along the deep—upon the foe,
The sails of England bear;
Above, the busy murmurs glow,†
Hush'd in the cabin, kneels below,
A lonely man in prayer.
He pray'd as ought to pray the brave
Before the seraph-guarded throne;
He pray'd to conquer and to save.—
The morn of that immortal strife,
More anxious for a foeman's life,‡
Than hopeful for his own.

* The wind was now from the west, light breezes, &c. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin and wrote the following prayer, &c.—*Southey's Nelson.*

† "The busy murmur glows."—*Gray.*

‡ "May humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him that made me," &c.—*Nelson's last prayer.*

II.

He rose;—Before him glow'd,
In limned loveliness, that haunting face,*
Where, through the roseate bloom of its abode
Look'd out the starry soul!—Celestial, thus,
Thro' sunset clouds, Idalian Hesperus,
Breaks on the lover, loitering by the sea,
That laves the passionate shores of soft Parthenope.†
The youngest-born of the Olympian race,
The Hebe of the Martyr-Demigod,
Never with looks of more voluptuous light
The golden Ether trod;
Slow-stealing where at length from earth reposed,
Her hero-bridegroom, as more blandly bright,
Grew with her blush, the glory-purpled skies,
Grim by the throne of Zeus‡ the Eagle closed
At her melodious step his charmed eyes,
And worn Alcides, of his woes beguil'd,
Turn'd from the whispering Mars, and Love ambrosial smil'd.

III.

What thoughts were his, the doomed and lonely one,
Feeding the last look on that fatal face?
Did conscience darken o'er the evil done,
Or deem that love so deep could be disgrace?

* A portrait of Lady Hamilton hung in his cabin. The undisguised and romantic passion with which he regarded it, amounted almost to superstition. —*Southey's Nelson.*

† Parthenope, the poetical name of Naples. It was in that city that Nelson first saw Lady Hamilton.

‡ Pind. Pyth. 1. I need scarcely perhaps inform even the general reader, that Zeus, in an application of Greek mythology, is a more appropriate name for the Thunder-God than that of Jupiter.

Did that sole deed of vengeance wild and weak,
Which bow'd the Warrior to the Woman's slave,
Ghastly and mournful o'er his memory break?—
Mark'd he the corpse, rejected by the wave,
Floating once more upon the accusing sea;—
The livid aspect and the snow-white hair;—
The fix'd eyes fearful with a stony glare;—
Life-like in death, the wrong'd Caraccioli?*
Saw he the dark-wing'd Malice cower above
The doubtful bowers of his Armida-love?
Heard he the sighs which gentler spirits breathe
O'er the one rose-leaf in the laurel-wreath?
For Envy harmless o'er the laurel blows,
But when did worm forego, or canker spare the rose?
Away; the centered soul, in hours like these,
Daunts not itself with phantom images;
One voice alone is heard within the heart,
"We loved, and we must part!"
Yet while the voice was heard; and heavily
Round that low cell boom'd the voice-echoing sea,
As clouds obscure the unswerving planet,—fast
Across the luminous spirit rush'd the Past.

* Prince Francesco Caraccioli was at the head of the marine;—near seventy years of age;—served under the Neapolitan or Parthenopæan republic against his late Sovereign. When the recovery of Naples was evidently near, he applied to Cardinal Ruffo and the Duke of Calvirrano for protection,—afterwards endeavoured to secret himself,—was discovered in the disguise of a peasant, and carried on board Lord Nelson's ship. He was tried,—found guilty,—sentenced to death by hanging, the evening of his apprehension,—the President (Count Thurn) of the court-martial was his personal enemy.....He entreated that he might be shot—in vain. It was obvious, says Mr. Southey, from whom this account is abridged, that Nelson was influenced by an infatuated attachment to Lady Hamilton, then on board, whose hatred against those whom she regarded the enemies of the Neapolitan

IV.

The Boy—once more—he was the lonely boy,*
  Dreaming oracular sounds and weird, to hear
Where the Brook murmur'd in a restless joy—
  Or asking anxious Age with wonder—"What is Fear?"
Away, upon the Warrior Seas,
  Amidst the icebergs of the death-like Main
  Where daylight bleaches in the dreary air;—†
The broken frame, the fell disease
And the dull anguish of the bed of pain;—
The Hour when Youth first wrestles with Despair‡
  When the far Alps of Fame, more giant seem
Seen thro' the morning mists that struggle with the beam;—

Court, made her forget what was due to the character of her sex as well as of her country. The body was carried out to a considerable distance and sunk in the bay, with three double-headed shot, weighing 250 pounds, tied to its legs. Between two and three weeks afterwards, when the King was on board the Foudroyant, a Neapolitan fisherman came to the ship, and solemnly declared that Caraccioli had risen from the bottom of the sea, and was coming as fast as he could to Naples, swimming half out of the water. The day being fair, Nelson, to please the King, stood out to sea; but the ship had not proceeded far, before a body was distinctly seen upright in the water, and approaching them. It was soon recognized to be, indeed, the corpse of Caraccioli, which had risen and floated, while the great weights attached to the legs kept the body in a position like that of a living man.—*Southey's Nelson.*

* When a mere child he stray'd a bird's nesting from his grandmother's house—the dinner-hour elapsed—he was absent and could not be found—the alarm of the family was very great, &c. At length, after search had been made for him in various directions, he was discovered alone sitting composedly by the side of a brook which he could not get over. "I wonder, child," said the old lady, when she saw him, "that hunger and fear did not drive you home." "Fear," replied the future hero, "I never saw Fear, what is it?"—*Ibid.*

† The voyage of discovery towards the North Pole, in which Nelson served. "The sky was generally loaded with hard white clouds, from which it was never entirely free, even in the clearest weather."—*Ibid.*

‡ "The disease baffled all power of medicine; he was reduced almost to a

Till sudden o'er the spiritual eye there broke
The Radiant Orb of the to-come Renown,
And from the nightmare-sleep, prophetic woke
Genius—which is but Hope to Action grown,—
And hail'd in Titan crags the footstool to its throne!
Yet ever in that high career
What stinging Doubts pursued!
Hiss'd Hydra Envies in his ear
And, round the steps of bleeding Toil,
The creeping things that clog the soil,
And, while they cumber, wound, in thorny fetters coil.
O Fountain heard afar—but rarely view'd,
As the Hart panteth for the water-brook,
So, in the burning waste doth Glory look
For thy life-giving well, melodious Gratitude!

V.

Fast flashing, like the phosphor gleam
Upon the southern seas;
Shine, rippling o'er his waking dream,
The wavelike memories.
They rush'd—the triumphs of that crowded life—
The hot Delight of Strife.

skeleton; the use of his limbs was for some time entirely lost, &c. * * * Long afterwards, when the name of Nelson was known as widely as that of England itself, he spoke of the feelings which he at this time endured. "I felt impressed," said he, "with a feeling that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount. I could discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished to throw myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, &c." From that time he often said, a *radiant orb* was suspended in his mind's eye, which urged him onward to renown."—*Ibid.*

The Nile's avenging day,
Aboukir's reddening Bay,
The thunder-sceptre ravish'd from the Gaul,—
They rush'd—the visions and the victories;
The swarming streets—the festive hall;
A nation's choral and sublime acclaim;
And—as the air with one orb's arrowy light,
Earth radiant with one name!
From these he turn'd to holier thoughts, away,
Sad with the wisdom of the Preacher's song;
For he had felt how loud applauses die,
As custom hacknies to the vulgar eye
The Fame,—not so the Wrong!
For Slander is the echo of Repute,
And strikes from hill to hill when Glory's tromp is mute.
To the calm spot in this loud world, he turn'd
Where laugh'd the eyes too young his loss to weep;
Oh, how, once more, the boding Father yearn'd
To watch one fair face in the happy sleep,—
As, when (that parting hour) in pious care
By his child's couch he knelt*—she did not hear his prayer!

VI.

The Phantom shapes are flown!
As ghosts before the day,
The unsubstantial memories glide away,
Into their closing grave.

* Horatia Nelson Thompson, believed to be his daughter, and so indeed he called her the last time that he pronounced her name. The last minutes which Nelson passed at Merton were employed in praying over this child as she lay sleeping.—*Southey's Nelson.*

The Hour has claimed its own!
Aloft, the hurrying tread, the gathering hum;
Around, the brightening sky, the fresh'ning water—
More near and near the fated squadrons come—
Fast o'er the dread suspense rushes the storm of slaughter—
And the heart bounds forth from its gloom,
Over the tides of its solemn doom,
As the hero's bark, when the rousing gale
Shakes the sullen sleep from its gladdening sail,
Bounds over the roaring wave!

VII.

Hurrah! hurrah! from wave to sky,
Arose the Sea-Queen's signal-cry;
From heart to heart electric ran
Those words of simple beauty,—
ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN
THIS DAY SHALL DO HIS DUTY!

VIII.

Full on the foe the sunbeams shine,
And our seamen gaze on the glittering line,
Thirty and three, their numbers be,
Like giants they stride thro' the groaning sea.
Our seamen gazed with a glad delight—
Ne'er had they seen such a goodly sight;
Then they glanc'd at each other, and "Oh," they said,
"How well they will look at our own 'Spithead.'"*

* The sun shone on the sails of the enemy, and their well-formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable. But the British sailors only admired the beauty and the splendour of the spectacle; and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other, "What a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead!" *Ibid.*

IX.

At the head of the line goes the "Victory"*
With Nelson on the deck;
And on his breast the orders shine†
Like the stars on a shattered wreck.
For ruthless had the lightning been
That flash'd from the stormy fame;
And only spar'd the laurels, green‡
O'er the rents of the ruin'd frame.
"Look out, look out," cried Nelson, "see
(For so the fight began)
"How 'the Sovereign'§ steers thro' the Frenchman's line
"Astern of the Santa Ann."
"Look out, look out," cried Collingwood,
As he burst thro' the Frenchman's line,
"If Nelson cou'd, in our place have stood,
"And have been but here, the first to steer
"Thro' the midst of the Frenchman's line."‖
Now from the fleet of the foemen past
Ahead of "the Victory,"
A four-deck'd ship with a flagless mast—
An Anak of the sea—
His gaze on the ship, Lord Nelson cast,
"Oho, my old friend," quoth he,

* "The Victory," Nelson's ship.

† He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested.—*Southey's Nelson.*

‡ I need scarcely observe that according to the poetical superstition of the ancients the lightning never scathed the laurel.

§ The Royal Sovereign, commanded by Collingwood.

‖ "What would Nelson give to be here!" said Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire.—*Southey's Nelson.*

"Since again we have met, we must all be glad
To pay our respects to the Trinidad!"*
Full on the bow, of the giant foe,
Our gallant "Victory" runs;
Thro' the dark'ning smoke, the thunder broke
O'er her deck from a hundred guns:—
But we answered not, by a single shot,
Though our booms and the maintop fell,
Until we were suited with two to one,
For we liked the odds we had always won.—
Here, to the left, at length we had
The saint of the ocean—Trinidad;
There, to the right, loom'd the bulky might
Of the grim Redoutable.
Then out in her pride, and from either side
Spoke the wrath of the "Victory."
Cries Hardy, "My Lord, we must run on board
"One of their braggarts to break the line,
"Which shall it be?"—Saith our King of the Sea,
(And we heard through the roar his careless voice,)
"It matters not much, you may take your choice."†
So the helm to port;—O'er the bounding brine
With a shout we burst, where the shot came worst
From the grim Redoutable.
As swarms of bees on the summer trees,
Her tops were filled with the Tyrolese,‡
And their bullets came with a dastard aim

* The Santissima Trinidad, Nelson's old acquaintance as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks.

† "Take your choice, Hardy, it does not signify much."—*Southey's Nelson.*

‡ "Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen (the Tyrolese)."—*Southey's Nelson.*

Round the mark which the Brave would have deemed divine;—
Where, o'er the gentlest heart that e'er
Bade carnage cease or conquest spare,
The stars of glory shine.
On the other side of the foeman prest
Our dauntless Temeraire;
Boarded in turn—for the ships were four,—
And the huge guns plied with a slackened roar,
As, breast to breast, the vessels rest,—
We fought like landsmen there!
The Redoutable no more replied
To our guns—"She has struck," our Nelson cried,
"No pennon waves on her sullen mast,
"She has struck and the time to destroy is past;*
"I have prayed our Lord with a Christian's prayer,
"Though our arms may win, that our hearts may spare."
Scarce the words were spoke, through the lurid smoke,
O God, we saw him fall;
From the ship he had bid our guns forbear,
Came the murderous rifle-ball.

XII.

As down Sicilian Etna's burning side,
The waning terrors of the liquid hell
Fainter and dimlier grow!
So the spent rage of Battle grimly died
O'er the far-booming ocean's labouring swell—
But, ever and anon, the sudden flame
Shot from some flying sail,

* "He twice gave orders to cease firing upon the Redoutable, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball, &c."—*Southey's Nelson.*

And the last vengeance of the vanquish'd came
In loud despair upon the cloudy gale.
They fly—still dealing death—they fly—the Foe!
So lions from the circling spears retire,
With horrent jaws that menace as they go;
So hurrying comets that depart in ire,
Shake from their demon-urns the swart malignant fire!

XIII.

But where was he—the noblest son
Of the Triumphant Isle,—
Where—England's loftiest victory won—
Her Hero of the Nile?—
Lo, on his couch, the Victor-Victim lying,
Save to the few—the fatal stroke unknown—
Above—his gladsome crew—his pennon flying,
And he, with that dark Angel—Death, alone!
But ever as the loud hurra,*
Tim'd with triumphant peal his latest day,
By each new conquest o'er the scattering Foe,
Flash'd on the ashen cheek the flickering glow.
And, like a star that pales beneath the morn,
When gradual broadening o'er the solemn sky,
So life grew dark as glory drew more nigh!
Vain on that gentle heart the levin came;
Nor bays nor mingling myrtle there uptorn;
And thoughts, like echoes in a shrine, repeat

* As often as a ship struck, the crew of the Victory hurra'd, and at every hurra a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero.—*Southey's Nelson.*

Familiar memories indistinctly sweet,
That blend his England's with his Emma's name.*

XIV.

The last guns heard that famous day
Along the Deep were dying;
No flag, save ours, within the bay
On a single mast was flying:—
When the Captain came where Nelson lay,
The chaplain by his side;
His hand he press'd,—his cheek he kiss'd,
"Look up," the Captain cried;—
"Twenty have struck, and the rest have fled,
"We have won the victory!"
"Thank God—thank God," then feebly said
The Sydney of the Sea—†
"My duty is done,"‡—So the race was run,
And thus our Nelson died.

* "Next to his country she occupied his thoughts."—*Southey's Nelson.*

† Nelson resembled Sydney in his fate but yet more in his humanity. Each insisted, at the last, that the surgeon should leave him and attend to those to whom he might be useful.

‡ "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered.—*Southey's Nelson.*

THE END.

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